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Beauty on Parade

A SERIES OF PAINTINGS by
DAVID WRIGHT

NO Queen FOR THIS LONESOME KING



Illustrated by
CHRISTOPHER
STORM

By
Mary Van Rensselaer Thayer

THERE'S something lacking on the luxurious country estates of King Michael of Roumania—a definite shortage in the three-block-long palace of the handsome young man.

The most eligible bachelor in Europe has no queen, and it doesn't show as though he's going to get one.

In all Royalty, only Princess Margaret Rose of England and Princess Charlotte Josephine of Belgium are eligible by the rigid rules of birth to become his bride, and both of them are ruled out by circumstances.

King Michael is practically a royal hostage in a country occupied by the Russian army, and the Princesses no more want to take up life in his paradoxical kingdom than the King wants to risk his crown by leaving it.

Once, as a matter of fact, King Michael did try to get away, soaring off in an airplane with a lovely copper-haired commoner.

The cards were stacked against him then, too. Lined up against his love for the wealthy beauty, "Lulu" Malaxa, was an unbeatable trio.

His mother, Princess Helen, opposed the match, so did the "Iron Duke," Premier Antonescu, and last but not least was Adolf Hitler, whose

army happened to be in Roumania at the time.

Hitler wanted the King to marry some suitable German princess.

The King couldn't even telephone his lady love. Finally, he persuaded a pilot to fly him and Lulu over the border, and, but for the Luftwaffe, they might have made it.

A swarm of Hitler's aircraft forced the little plane down close to the border, and the sweethearts were finally forced to admit defeat.

Lulu, whose real name was Irene and who was the daughter of Nicolai Malaxa, one of the richest men in Eastern Europe, married a young doctor, George Paladi, and came with him to America.

King Michael stayed behind with his estates, his crown, his art collection, and even a private army—but no wife.

He'd be a good catch. Twenty-five years old, over six feet tall, blond and dimpled, the King is famed as an athlete and can fix electrical gadgets around the house.

He doesn't drink or gamble, likes jazz but also composes serious music, is a good automobile mechanic, and runs off an American film on his private projector nearly every day.

His bride needn't worry about any

language difficulty—Michael speaks six languages, complete with the latest slang.

Want more qualifications? He has his own vineyards and a private mountain. He not only has a farm of silver and platinum foxes, but a man imported from France to raise them.

Even if an eligible princess did pop up to be guarded by silver-helmeted soldiers and share ownership in a fortune in crown jewels, it's doubtful if the King could marry her even if he wanted to.

A marriage in Roumania is considered an occasion for rejoicing, and a royal marriage would ordinarily call for a mighty celebration.

However, when a King's country is occupied, it's regarded as bad taste for him to be happy. Also, people don't like to celebrate a royal wedding with a few hundred thousand soldiers of another country looking over their shoulders.

Marriage, therefore, is out on all counts, even though the King's mother might possibly agree to his marriage with a girl of lesser nobility and of some American blood. Many Roumanians like Americans, and Michael goes in for everything American from the two battered jeeps in his motor pool to hot dogs, electric razors, and jazz. America spells romance and romance runs in the royal blood.

Michael's grandfather, King Ferdinand, nearly married a commoner. Michael's father, ex-King Carol, mar-

ried one commoner and ran off with another, the fabulous red-haired Mme. Magda Lupescu, for whom he abdicated the throne. In between, King Carol and Michael's mother, Princess Helen of Greece, were married after an annulment of his first marriage.

Michael inherited, at the age of five, some \$70,000,000 in cash, land, income and gems. He was king off and on while his father and Mme. Lupescu first stayed away, then came back, then left for good.

With the war, his real troubles began. His country was taken over by the Germans, who wouldn't let him telephone his girl, much less fly away with her.

He was instrumental in the coup d'état of 1944, which overthrew the pro-German government and welcomed the liberating Russian army, and for which he was heavily decorated. The war's over now, but his troubles aren't.

He's a king in a country occupied by an army not especially noted for love of royalty. The present government owes its existence to Soviet support, but the common people are back of His Majesty.

The government would probably be very pleased if Michael would just disappear, but the populace would never condone his liquidation.

In the meantime, he's stuck there, a handsome young king with all the material possessions anyone could want, waiting in a lonely palace for a Princess who will never arrive.

"Now I have time to write fan mail on Mondays!"



Duz will save you so much time that you'll be a Duz fan, too! Duz is one great soap that does all your Monday wash—tough or dainty—does it fast, does it clean, does it safe!

There's no soap made today that can beat Duz at getting out dirt! Duz gets even the grimeiest

overalls clean, even the dingiest towels white.

Yet Duz is safer—even for pretty colored rayon undies—than any other "big-name" washday package soap!

So use soapy-rich Duz suds for all your wash, every wash—'cause Duz does Everything!



1

TOWELS GLEAM LIKE WHITE, WHITE CLOUDS WITH DUZ! NO SOAP MADE GETS WHITE THINGS **WHITER!**

2

NO SOAP CAN BEAT DUZ SUDS FOR GETTING OUT DIRT! DUZ GETS EVEN THE GRIMEIEST OVERALLS **CLEAN!**

3

YET DUZ IS **SAFER**—EVEN FOR PRETTY RAYON UNDIES—THAN ANY OTHER LEADING WASHDAY PACKAGE SOAP!

DUZ does Everything

AND I MEAN **EVERYTHING!**



"I even DUZcovered that I can wash all of the dirt, dust and grease off electric fans quick as a breeze with Duz!" writes Mrs. Claire Van Doren, Masonville, Mich.



"I DUZcided to try Duz to get oil, grease and forty kinds of dirt out of my husband's work clothes," says Mrs. R. O. Howard, Clio, Mich. "Duz really gets 'em clean!"



"Words can't DUZcribe how fast Duz does dishes, pots and pans!" writes Mrs. F. R. MacMillan, Philadelphia, Pa. "Duz cuts grease fast, but it's so easy on my hands!"



DUZ

SAVES DIRT! WHITES UNDIEST!

By Booton Herndon

HERE'S good news for tippers. One, at least, of the controversial features of tipping has been clarified recently, and by the United States Government, no less.

No, the government hasn't passed a law against it, but it has shed some light on the oft-perplexing question: "How much are you supposed to tip?"

The conclusion—not a theory, but based on the earnings of waiters over a period of years—is ten per cent.

It all came about in a roundabout way. In San Francisco, six waiters at Solari's Grill filed low income tax returns, saying that they had received little or nothing from tips. The internal revenue commissioner felt certain that they had taken in much more. They'd received ten per cent of their total checks, investigators charged.

and went to the United States Tax Court to prove it.

After hearing the evidence, much of it from veteran waiters who said they always came out about ten per cent ahead, the court decided in favor of the government—and ten per cent. The waiters were told to give the government a little tip of 50 per cent over their tax bills as a penalty for making fraudulent returns.

Tipping, a custom which began far back in history, has therefore now reached the point where even the federal government is interested in those receiving gratuities.

Hundreds of years ago, when the first nobleman threw his lackey a piece of silver, he probably didn't know what he was starting. In England, a couple of centuries ago, signs hung about in taverns suggested paying up "To Insure Promptness." That became T.I.P., and, now, it is tip.

The idea was once that the tipper was a gentleman, and the person receiving the tip an inferior person. Now—as you'd know if you ever tried to sneak past a frozen-faced waiter with a nickel—the tables are sometimes turned.

Once, only in the larger cities did people other than waiters and bellhops expect a few coins. Now, even in the hamlets, barbers, cab drivers, filling station attendants and various others who serve the public expect to receive tips.

It has been the practice among European hotels for many years to charge the traveler 10 per cent of his bill as a tip. In addition a big restaurant chain in New York tried it for a while and other institutions followed suit.

The question, "Do you have to tip?" turned into "How much are you supposed to tip?" Etiquette books and connoisseurs have tried to answer the question, but the federal

government finally came through: ten per cent of the check.

"We don't have a chart, or anything like that," said an income tax investigator, "but it works out, over an average, of pretty close to ten per cent. Of course, we also know that in a New York swank joint a waiter might take in a lot more."

As a matter of fact, some restaurants charge the headwaiter with seeing that his waiters are taken care of. When a customer attempts to walk out, the headwaiter suggests to him that if the waiter didn't give good service, he, the headwaiter, would like to know about it. And if the service was good, then where's the tip?

The 773,000 waiters, and the 440,000 barbers and beauticians, to name only two groups who expect tips, don't like to say how much they get. It's a game on Broadway to estimate the income of the fabulous Joe Lopez, headwaiter at the lush, expensive, Copacabana night club.

Estimates begin at \$250 a week and run up to over \$50,000 a year. It's a game that will go on for a long time, because Joe isn't talking.

Over the rest of the country, checks and tips both drop. A New Yorker in a good restaurant will never leave less than a quarter for a \$1.50 lunch, but in other cities an average businessman may not think of leaving more than his ten per cent.

Some people would never dream of leaving the barber less than a quarter, even for a 45-cent shave or a 90-cent haircut. Many others, however, who remember when many barbers throughout the country would be embarrassed if offered a tip, keep the minimum down.

Some beauty parlor operators like to think that a dollar is the standard minimum tip, but the fairer sex frequently disappoints them.

One waiter pointed out that there are a few other things to learn early.

Is 10% the Right Tip?

Every Year, It Seems, There Are Thousands More Outstretched Hands. Here, Posed and Painted by Artist Brown, Is a Little Scene That Is Familiar to Diners-Out Everywhere.



Illustrated by
OZNI BROWN

"I used to give the best service I could. One time I made a mistake, and kept a customer waiting. He gave me the biggest tip I ever had. I experimented a little, and found out that when you make a mistake, you get more money."

The waiter grinned. "They feel sorry for me," he said.

Waiters are no longer alone in receiving tips. Hotel managers and room clerks have moved in with the bellhops on the receiving line, and some automobile salesmen, offered a couple of hundred dollars, do not get mad and pass it back.

Tipping is becoming more and more popular every day—to those who receive, not to those who give.

Frances the Countergirl, one of

thousands the country over, makes a salary of \$20 a week. For that she helps clean up and makes a sandwich occasionally. She doesn't know many tricks, and she doesn't know much about income tax, but she averages about \$50 a week.

"Some people leave a dime tip for coffee and cakes," she says, "and others just walk out. A lot of girls in the neighborhood leave only a nickel or so, but that's all right, because I make more than they do."

"Then sometimes, when I feel bad, I notice that the tips fall off—I've got to keep on my toes and keep a big smile on my face."

"But counting the big spenders and the cheap skates, day in day out, I pull in about ten per cent."

THE AMERICAN WEEKLY

By Irving Johnson

Patience of the ENVOY'S WIFE

MRS. CAVENDISH-BENTINCK undoubtedly accepted the attentions of the Spanish consul. She treasured the letters and flowers he sent her and the soft words he spoke to her. She even pretended she was in love with him.

Yet withal, concluded a London divorce court justice recently, she was a woman of strong religious background and belief and all this romantic pretense was as innocent as a Sunday afternoon game of checkers.

It was, in the opinion of Justice Sir Charles Hodson, nothing more than a pale substitute for the long-lost affection of her husband, Victor Frederick William Cavendish-Bentinck, 49-year-old British career diplomat, who had openly preferred the company of other women for the past 15 years.

On the ground that American-born Mrs. Cavendish-Bentinck was sinned against rather than sinning herself, Justice Hodson dismissed the diplomat's petition for a divorce and granted her a judicial separation.

The trial lasted a full week—unusual in these days of clogged court calendars—and ended on a costly note for the husband. As soon as the court's finding came to the attention of the British Foreign Office, his recent appointment as Ambassador to Brazil was cancelled.

Cavendish-Bentinck had previously served as Ambassador at Warsaw and was once first secretary of the British Embassy in Paris.

In affirming his faith in the innocence of Mrs. Cavendish-Bentinck, daughter of a Texas banker, Justice Hodson was clearly influenced by her early religious training.

"She had a strict and pious up-

bringing which never lost its influence," he declared.

As for her reputed attachment for the correspondent, Senor Francisco de Amat y Torres, Spanish consul at San Francisco, the justice decided:

"She was merely playing with the idea she was in love with him and enjoying his admiration."

Of the five correspondents specifically named by Mrs. Cavendish-Bentinck in her cross action one was the wife of Senor de Amat y Torres. The diplomat's wife accused her husband of misconduct with these women in London, Athens and Santiago, Chile.

The former Clothilde Quigley and

Cavendish-Bentinck were married in Paris in 1924 and the pretty American girl was dazzled by the gaiety and glitter of life in Europe's capitals.

A son and daughter blessed the marriage and the couple were radiantly happy for eight years.

Then, according to papers later filed in the divorce case, the diplomat began spending his time, and always more of it, with other women.

Clothilde left for America in 1939, taking the children with her, and in 1942 Cavendish-Bentinck sued for divorce, charging desertion. Clothilde's answer was a countersuit, charging desertion and cruelty.

The cruelty charge came as somewhat of a surprise, inasmuch as her letters were filled with declarations of her affection and admiration for her husband.

When the court found neither side guilty of desertion or cruelty, the graver charges followed.

After Clothilde returned from America in 1944, she says Cavendish-Bentinck had her watched. He found a packet of letters written to her by Senor de Amat y Torres and a letter written by her to the Spaniard, but never mailed.

There was considerable speculation as to the nature of this letter and Cavendish-Bentinck tried to introduce it at the divorce trial, but the court ruled that since it had never been sent it was not admissible as evidence.

The consul's letters, Justice Hodson ruled, were full of sweet words and phrases, signifying nothing.

"They bore no more expression of affection," he said, "than might be expected from a man being attentive to a woman to flatter her."

"Her behavior was extraordinary and threw a light on her rather complicated character."

The most unusual aspect of the case was Clothilde's unwillingness to take action against her husband during the years of his indiscretion.

"The wife," stated Justice Hodson, "seems to have been trying very often to shut her eyes to the unhappiness caused her."

"She condoned the misconduct but because she took no step to obtain relief, it did not follow she was consenting to its continuance."

Mrs. Cavendish-Bentinck found many letters from other women to her husband, which she merely stored away and said nothing.

"She says she did this," recalled the court, "because of her husband's nature and because she hoped her wedded life would not be broken up."

She kept the letters, explained the justice, for her own protection—"because she feared that when she got old he would try to cast her out."

Returning to Cavendish-Bentinck's charges, the court acknowledged Clothilde knew her Spanish admirer was in California when she went there on her journey to America.

This California interlude, the justice held, was of itself no proof of infidelity.

"Nor was there any reason," he concluded, "to refuse to accept her denial of it."

Clothilde's Letter to Her Spanish Admirer Was Never Posted. She Said Her Husband Had Her Watched Constantly Since 1944, and the Letter, Consequently, Wound Up in His Hands.



Illustrated
by
WILLIAM
RANDALL

By Gene Coughlin

SOME babies are born with silver spoons in their mouths. Dorothy Arents was born with a gold spoon in hers; a spoon the rich golden shade of a tobacco leaf, a commodity which was to make her one of the wealthiest young ladies in New York.

Thanks to an astute grandfather, Dorothy's parents, Mr. and Mrs. George Arents, Jr., were already established in the financial and social world when she arrived on the scene 41 years ago.

The grandfather had helped Jim Duke organize the great tobacco industry.

Dorothy Arents, the heiress, never did seem to be conscious of the power and value of money. From her toddling days she was shy and de-

mure; a pretty, wispy little girl gliding into the libraries of the family mansion on 77th Street, off Fifth Avenue, in New York City, and the country estate, Hillcrest, at Rye, N. Y.

Her world didn't call for social contacts like those of the dancing school.

Her world was contained between the covers of books narrating the great romances—and tragedies—of history.

SHE wasn't vain enough to realize that she, Dorothy Arents, would add a chapter to the volumes some day.

"Dotty is a stick in the mud," some of her girl friends laughingly jibed. "Always got her nose in a book."

Dorothy would keep smiling her timid little

Heartbreaks

Unhappy Mystery Story-Book



He Had Barely Breath Enough Left to Lift His Bride From the Floor and Place Her on the Bed.

secret smile, and go right back to her books. When she was 17, in the year 1923, she took her shapely nose out of a book long enough to say: "I wish you children would stop calling me Dotty. My name is now Mrs. Aquila Giles."

THAT quiet announcement had the shock effect of a hand grenade in a china store, as far as New York's 400 were concerned.

Who was Aquila Giles, the bridegroom? Where did they meet? Where were they married? Dorothy said, smiling, none of the questions seemed pertinent. The important thing was that she had found her hero—and outside the covers of a book.

Her parents and most of her relatives adopted

OF Society

of Dorothy Arents, Heiress

a campaign of passive resistance. They refused to acknowledge the bridegroom as such, and, while doors were being slammed, somebody whispered to the bride:

"But you'll need money, my dear. And you may be endangering your estate."

"Money," Dorothy Arents Giles whispered back, "isn't important."

Maybe it wasn't, but something else was.

The poor little rich girl discovered that her elopement and marriage had been based primarily on infatuation, instead of love.

In the stories she had read and virtually committed to memory, the young couple would have weathered the continuing storms of disapproval and lived happily ever after.

But there were other endings in other stories; not happy endings, but decisive.

Dorothy divorced Aquila in 1926, and went into retirement again with her books. He went on to marry the socialite, Julia Robbins Hoyt, and he leaves the story here.

Her research and her reading, at home and in the public libraries, led her to the first meeting with Julius de Konkoly-Thege, an Old World escapee from a book on one of her father's shelves.

For all that his father was an important government figure in Hungary and his family one of the best in Europe, Julius was no dilettante. He was far too earnest to be a society playboy.

He had degrees from the University of Budapest and Cambridge, and he had come to America expressly to take a post-graduate course at Columbia University.

LET others in his status groom themselves for careers as tea party diplomats and "cocktail consuls."

Julius de Konkoly-Thege wanted to do something more directly beneficial for his harassed country. He was going to be an engineer. He would help remake his native land.

He made the declaration to Dorothy in the early months of the solemn courtship and she nodded solemnly.

"I will help, Julius. I will do the research for you and I will help you to become not just the great engineer of Hungary. You will be the greatest engineer in the world and I'll be your assistant!"

So Dorothy switched to stressors and strains and algebraic equations in her reading, resting her limpid eyes at intervals on the form and features of the young man with whom, step by step and page by page, she was falling in love.

This time, she suddenly realized, it was love—and not infatuation.

After what had happened in 1923, she had her qualms when it came time to discuss the situation and the future with her family.

Time and again she rehearsed the little speech and, when she finally started delivering it, Dorothy muffed her lines half-way through.

"It's perfectly all right, darling," the family spokesman chuckled. "We understand. And, if you promise not to swoon, we'll tell you something else. We approve."

The wedding took place on May 31, 1930, at the Hillcrest estate. It was, naturally, the event of the season in Westchester County.

Significant was the presence of the Consul General of Hungary, up from New York and Washington, not merely as a casual guest, but

Statues of Julius de Konkoly-Thege and His Young Wife Stand in Kerepes Cemetery, Budapest, as a Memorial to Their Tragic Love.



as best man for Julius de Konkoly-Thege.

Before the honeymoon started, they selected their apartment in New York and then took ship for Europe, and Budapest, where the family of Julius must be visited, and further blessings sought, and received.

The blue, dancing waters of the Danube weren't required to make the honeymoon a success, but certainly the view didn't detract from the happiness as bride and bridegroom crossed the river from Buda to Pest, and return, for parties daily.

But the parties, with the rich foods and the richer wines, had their aftermaths. At first, in split-second arguments prompted by fatigue and, in the case of Dorothy, indignation.

One of these "spats" was interrupted suddenly in the bar of their hotel when Dorothy whirled, and dashed up to the bridal suite. As Julius sat fingering his champagne glass, while composing the apology he would tender his "assistant engineer," he was summoned to the house telephone.

Dorothy's voice was panicky and gasping:

"Hurry! hurry! Save me!"

He didn't wait for the antiquated lift. The stair steps fled beneath him, three at a time, and he had barely breath enough left to lift his bride from the floor and place her on the bed.

The task was doubly difficult because she was writing in agony.

"What did you do, beloved?"

Dorothy made one last, gigantic effort at self-control and whispered:

"My pills! I took my pills."

Budapest's great specialists, three of them, rushed to the hotel. Stomach pumps were employed, antidotes given, and the patient rushed to the hospital, but the clanging of the ambulance bell might as well have been a tolling for a funeral.

Dorothy Arents Giles de Konkoly-Thege died that day, July 7, 1930, at the age of 25.

Examination showed that she "had consumed enough poison to kill five men."

Newspapers of Europe and the United States quoted two theories:

Dorothy had taken the poison by mistake as she misread the label on the bottle which, she thought, contained the tablets relieving her indigestion pains.

Dorothy had committed suicide, after the fifth week of her honeymoon.

"Never!" said Julius, when this second answer was advanced. "She did not kill herself intentionally! We had too much to live for, together!"

An accident, then?

Julius pondered. Dorothy usually was calm

and deliberate, and it didn't seem likely she could have read the label wrong. Besides, how did the poison get into her dressing case?

Came then the third question, naturally.

Murder?

Impossible, said everyone, including the police. Who would hate the victim enough to kill her?

There was, of course, the fact that Julius was handsome, well bred, and had spent his youth in Budapest where, not unnaturally, he might have won some feminine hearts.

Perhaps he had departed for the United States unmindful of the fact that these same hearts had been broken; and the owner of at least one broken heart might have taken the final, the drastic, step to eliminate her rival.

The grief-stricken bridegroom left Hungary and never went back to his native city, and his country, alive.

His bride's parents, the George Arents, Jr., took him over as though he were the son, instead of the son-in-law.

After a conference with physicians, it was decided that the three of them should take a summer cruise before facing the next ordeal—that of bringing the body of Dorothy back to America.

Early in August the trio went aboard the tourist steamer Atlantic, and the ship headed for the North Cape and Norway.

There was no shaking Julius loose from his grief.

There was no balm, no surcease, for him in the freshening breezes and winds of the North Sea. There was no light in his sombre eyes as the steamer approached the dock at Nidaros (also known as Trondhjem) Norway.

OTHER passengers looked forward to the hustle and bustle of the day ashore, and the novelty, but Julius de Konkoly-Thege merely turned from the rail and bowed to his father-in-law and his mother-in-law.

If you'll excuse me, a moment?"

It was a moment that stretched into an eternity for him.

A steward heard the shot, broke open his stateroom door, and found the body.

There was a bullet in his heart, and a revolver in his limp, outstretched hand.

With him went the secrets, if any, and the suspicions concerning his bride's death.

With him, too, went the hopes of the couple—Dorothy and Julius—that he would be "the greatest engineer in the world."

With him went the last chapter of the book about The Storybook Princess and her Lothario who used logarithms for lances.

Illustrated by HARRY FREDMAN

Next week, The Dreams of Anthony Brady.



Peter Pan is the smoothest peanut butter made... proved by laboratory tests. Smoother eating... never sticks to the roof of your mouth. Smoother, easier spreading... more sandwiches per jar. It's smooth right down to the bottom of the jar—no oil separation ever. Put smoother, flavor-rich Peter Pan on your shopping list today.

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PEANUT BUTTER**
America's favorite

Listen, Kids! Peter Pan presents "SKY KING"
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How to make sure of an encore!

MENU FOR TOMORROW

Derby Spaghetti with Meat and Sauce
Whole Green Beans and Onion Rings
Pickled Beets
French Bread with Butter
Fruit Sherbet Coffee

A satisfying main dinner dish!

DERBY SPAGHETTI
with meat and sauce

Extra meat makes it extra good! If your family's appetites are hearty, here's a meat-rich main dinner dish that's sure to satisfy! It's a perfectly blended combination of deliciously seasoned tender ground beef, finest semolina spaghetti, and a superb sauce expertly contrived of tomato puree, green pepper, Italian-style cheese and delicate spices. Wonderfully good...so easy to prepare, too: just open, heat and serve. Try this savory, satisfying meal on that hungry family of yours tonight!

Just one of Derby's famous family of foods from the HOUSE OF QUALITY



By William Engle

Though She
Divorced Red
Skelton, Edna
Skelton Borzage
Still Manages
His Career,
Writes His Scripts.

WHEN Mrs. Ruth Cole, brisk and pretty, won a divorce from Glen Cole, businessman, in Chicago recently, she got a decree that she believes may be the forerunner of a vogue. It transformed her from Mr. Cole's wife into his secretary.

"If you are a man's wife, you are naturally concerned about what he does after business hours," she explained later, "but if you are his disinterested secretary, you don't have to worry. As a secretary, I'm happy; our plan is working out well."

Their plan—boss and associate instead of husband and wife—is a variation of the pattern fixed by Red Skelton, comedian, and his former wife, Edna, now married to Frank Borzage, noted director. Edna remains as Red's scriptwriter and business manager.

The Coles' relationship is more legally binding. When it was established by Circuit Judge Leonard C. Reid, Mrs. Cole agreed to continue to take orders from her husband, as his secretary, in a business capacity only. The agreement was made a part of the decree.

Before he granted it, Judge Reid raised a question. "If you can serve as his secretary, Mrs. Cole, you should be able to take a few orders as his wife."

Mrs. Cole's attorney parried the question. "They can get along all right in business," he said. "But they can't get along as a married couple so long as Cole has a girl friend."

Mrs. Cole, speaking later, went a little farther. "No self-respecting wife will share her husband with

Out of Love into Business

another woman," she said. "I can't be his wife under such circumstances, but I'm not so bitter as to want to ruin his business. I'm willing to help him there in any way I can for the sake of our three children."

The children are Gilbert, 15, Ronald, 14, and James, 3. Under the terms of the Coles' unique divorce arrangement, they and their mother are continuing to live in the Cole home on Chicago's Northwest Side and there Mrs. Cole is the mainstay of her husband's floor sanding business.

She takes telephone calls, answers letters, keeps business records. Twice a day Mr. Cole drops in—to receive messages in the morning and get his sanding machines, and in the evening to put the machines away.

"Everything is strictly on a business basis," Mrs. Cole says. "He's courteous and I try to be efficient. He has to be able to make money if he is going to support the children and build up anything for the future."

The children see their father casually every day or so. Both he and Mrs. Cole think this is better than if a special time were set for visits.

"I tried to fix it up so that nobody would be hurt too much by this divorce," she said.

The partnership of Red Skelton and Edna, which has continued even after the divorce, began in 1931, with their marriage. Fame hadn't touched them then, and eventually it did as a result of their close association, their joint efforts.

Red, never a man to bother with

details, left them to Edna. She became advisor, writer, and business manager. Red gave her a free hand and mind to develop his talents.

The arrangement was ideal. He shot to stardom on the screen and a top Hooper radio rating. But the arrangement, they finally decided, couldn't be permanent. Successful in business, they scowled across the breakfast table.

The match ended in divorce in 1943. Edna dashed off to New York to get away from it all. Red set out to work his way alone.

But that wasn't their solution of their problem. Edna began to worry about Red's program. Red began to miss her sage guidance.

Both wanted to re-establish a business partnership, though not a marital one. Edna hurried back to Hollywood, Red conferred with her briefly, the old hit-producing relationship was resumed, and it's been a going concern ever since.

Red remarried and recently became the father of a daughter. His second wife is Georgia Davis, a film starlet. Edna and Frank Borzage were married. Now the two couples live at the same address in Beverly

Hills, though the personal association isn't as close as it might seem; their homes are separate units of a large residential project.

Both Red and Borzage work for M-G-M studios. Borzage is a booster for Red, and Red puts in a plug at every opportunity for the pictures directed by his former wife's husband. They all exchange birthday and seasonal gifts.

Meanwhile, Edna serves in the business post that Red found couldn't be filled by another. She's scriptwriter, business manager and mentor, or as she says "a kind of nurse maid to an adult."

Ordinarily they confer frequently, although often they don't have occasion to see each other for several days. They are great friends, with the utmost respect for each other, but their personal lives are kept separate from their business lives.

All the irritating details which he likes to shirk, she takes on. She gets all his telephone calls; the business calls she takes care of herself; the personal ones she transfers to his new wife.

She not only supervises and directs the preparation of his radio show, but manages all of his business as well, even to the issuance of checks. Red has to sign them, but so does Edna before they are good. Generating the ideas for his weekly air show, she bangs out the original script on her typewriter, a clattering ordeal that used to trouble Red a little back when he was married to his business manager.

After their writers revise and contribute to the script, it comes back to Edna for final editing, then goes to Red.

By that time, all he has to do is be funny.

ENLIGHTENED SELFISHNESS- TEXAS STYLE

By Howard Whitsell

UNTIL Hugh Roy Cullen, Texas oilman, gave away \$160,000,000 as casually as if handing a lollipop to a child, no one, as far as is known, had ever had a kind word, or even a kind thought for selfishness.

Down through the ages selfishness has been defined in various ways, none of them complimentary. William Ewart Gladstone, who was Queen Victoria's Prime Minister, called it "the greatest curse of the human race." Tertullian, a Roman philosopher who lived in Carthage some 1800 years before Gladstone was born, proclaimed: "He who lives only to benefit himself confers on the world a benefit when he dies."

There is no record of anyone ever having challenged those comments until Mr. Cullen announced that the motivation for his gift was—selfishness.

Cullen's explanation is simply couched in plain language. "My wife and I are selfish," he said. "We wish to see our money spent during our lifetime, so that we may derive great pleasure from it."

This is not the first time that the oilman has given away millions. During one week in 1945, Cullen gave \$4,600,000 to four Houston hospitals.

The latest and greatest gift, in the form of oil properties with a potential value of \$160,000,000, will be used to establish the Cullen Foundation for aiding educational, charitable and medical institutions. It will be the largest foundation in the South and among the largest in the entire country.

Some uninformed individual might make light of Mr. Cullen's gift by saying:

"Easy come, easy go."

There was no "easy come," however, about the Cullen fortune.

Hugh Roy Cullen, now 65, was born in San Antonio. After three years in public schools, he had to go to work when he was 12. His first job was with a candy company at \$3 a week. At 17 he went into the office of a San Antonio cotton broker. He learned enough about cotton to be able to establish his own brokerage business in Oklahoma by 1904.

The booming city of Houston lured him from Oklahoma in 1911. He went into the real estate business. But tales of the fabulous fortunes then being made in oil wooed him from real estate. It was the turning point of his life.

It was not until 1918 that Cullen really laid the cornerstone of his immense fortune. Having built up a small stake in cotton and real estate, he leased a large tract of land in West Texas, where he promoted the first three wells drilled in that area.

The venture was unprofitable. Cullen abandoned the leases and formed a syndicate to drill at Pierce Junction, about 15 miles south of Houston. He brought in a gusher. When the oil was thought to be exhausted, Cullen pulled up stakes,

A Miniature Well Symbolizes the "Selfish" Millions in Oil Given by Mr. and Mrs. Cullen for Educational, Charitable and Medical Purposes. In the Background, Tertullian, Who Had Something to Say on Selfishness.

abandoned the lease and left the field. Five years later he returned to it and picked up the lease for next to nothing, because oil "experts" had declared it worthless.

Cullen drilled another well, going down 1,000 feet deeper than the proved oil sands.

He struck oil again.

Repeating this experience in other Texas fields, which were believed to be exhausted, Cullen succeeded again and again in finding "black gold" where none was supposed to exist. He had his percentage of failures, too, but none of his associates can remember ever seeing him discouraged.

Acquaintances of Cullen in his early "wildcatting" days say that even when he was on the verge of being broke, he would give a friend "the shirt off his back."

In contrast to his \$160,000,000

donation to charity, the oilman tells of a gift he made during those early lean days.

"When we first came to Houston," he said, "we lived in a rented house. I had a little rented office, and I guess I was about a month or two behind in the rent on both. A girl from the Salvation Army came up and asked me for a donation. I gave her a check for \$5 and overdraw my account."

Mrs. Cullen agrees with her husband that selfishness is at the bottom of his benevolences. "Roy's right," she said on the evening when her husband announced his latest gift. "We are selfish because we want to enjoy our money while we live. The children are as happy as we are. They have enough."

The Cullens have four daughters and ten grandchildren. Their future has been provided for through trust

funds. They won't be fabulously wealthy, but they will never want as long as they live.

The Cullens have recognized the great truth that real happiness can only be achieved by making others happy.

Richard Whately, English essayist who became Archbishop of Dublin, made a point along these lines when he said: "A man is called selfish, not for pursuing his own good, but for neglecting his neighbor's."

Oilman Cullen recommends his enlightened selfishness as a sure road to contentment.

Speaking to a group of hospital workers concerning their contacts with wealthy men, Cullen once offered this advice:

"Tell them to enjoy their wealth while they live. Try to get them to see the advantage of giving their money during their lifetimes to such worthy causes as they can find."

Cullen is practicing what he preaches.

THE AMERICAN WEEKLY



when every day is wash day



Chiffon

keeps hands
smoother
lovelier

Wash Day (for baby's things) comes much oftener than once a week. So, most wise mothers use Chiffon!

For Chiffon is *all* pure soap—no purer soap was ever made. Chiffon really protects the beauty of your baby's loveliest dresses and nighties. And those pure, mild suds keep mother's hands softer, smoother, too!



**glasses sparkle—dishes gleam
in Chiffon's quick, long-lasting suds**

Chiffon's creamy suds are *busy* suds, that get things done in a hurry! Long-lasting suds that don't die down until you're through!

You can wash dishes three times a day—and still have soft, lovely hands—if you *always* use pure Chiffon Flakes



**NO PURER
SOAP
WAS EVER
MADE**

Product of Armour and Company

Chiffon is your *thriftiest* soap. Have you a little less goes lots further. Because Chiffon is *all* pure soap!

By John Wilcox

THE SCHWAB CASTLE, a masterpiece of the French chateau style, was built by Emma Schwab, the steel magnate's wife, on the Hudson river. It was the last of the great houses of the old money, and it was the last of the great houses of the new money.

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Emma Schwab's FOLLY



Emma Schwab Took Little Part in the High Society of Her Day. The Last Time the Great House Blazed With Lights Was on the Schwabs' 50th Wedding Anniversary.

Continent, became known as the "Mad American" because of his free spending as he accumulated treasures for his houses.

His castle on the Hudson was built between 1901 and 1905 by 2,000 workmen on a square city block. Architect Maurice Ebert injected into the structure and the rooms motifs tagged Louis this and Henry that from the castles at Azay-le-Rideau, Chenonceaux and Blois which the Schwabs had adored.

There the Schwabs entertained other rich men and their wives. The guests alighting on Riverside Drive passed through massive iron gates, ascended wide terraces.

Looking up, they saw the three-story granite facade topped by tur-

rent towers, flying buttresses and crenellations. They were impressed by the handsome hand-made lace chandeliers which had cost \$104,000.

At the great doors they were met by Stone, the butler, and ushered into the Corinthian hall.

The walls, wainscoted in Santo Domingo mahogany, rose three stories to a stained glass dome. A balcony, sporting 40 gilded rams heads, encircled the hall at the second floor level.

At the far end the marble staircase swept upward; on a landing was the small chapel and its \$50,000 organ, above it a stained glass window picturing St. Cecilia.

In the hall the guests were greeted by Emma Schwab, a handsome, good natured woman; and by Charlie Schwab, a big man with genial manner and expressive brown eyes.

Dinner was served in the Italian marble banquet hall by a dozen servants under a ceiling painting labeled "The Abundance of America."

The food was prepared in the basement kitchen where victuals for

1,500 could be made ready.

The fanciest dish Schwab ever ordered was a lark pudding prepared at the Old Cheshire Cheese in London's Fleet Street. The bill was \$2,500.

Always there was music. Charlie Schwab played the piano and the violin, and had endowed a big brass band at his Bethlehem steel works.

At his parties Fritz Kreisler played his violin, and Madame Ernestine Schumann-Heink sang. "Archer Gibson would play the organ.

On the guests would visit the crimson art gallery on the second story to look at Titian's "Cardinal Bembo," Rembrandt's portrait of Vielland, Innes' "October Moon" and a \$20 portrait of Emma Schwab. Schwab's other hobby, besides music, was cards. He played with ruthless daring.

In the basement were the 60-foot swimming pool, a \$100,000 power plant, a heating system that used up 10 tons of coal a day, bowling alleys, a huge wine cellar, a laundry, a 50-foot gymnasium with marble steps, 13 servants' rooms, pits for the six elevators and telephone switchboard.

After the parties the Schwabs would retire to their rooms on the second floor. Mrs. Schwab liked blue, and there were blue silk hangings in her Marie Antoinette bedroom. On the ceiling was painted "Morning Music." Touch-me-nots were painted on the walls and on her bathtub.

Schwab's Napoleonic room had soft green silk draperies and dark red mahogany. His ceiling was adorned with "The Awakening of the Cupids." The bedrooms were joined by a medieval Italian sitting room. While the Schwabs entertained lavishly on occasion, Emma Schwab took little part in high society.

The last time the great house blazed with lights was on the occasion of the Schwabs' 50th wedding anniversary, on May 1, 1933.

Illustrated by R. F. SCHABELITZ

The \$10,000,000 Riverside Drive Mansion—Emma Wouldn't Sell.

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For your convenience
and protection . . .



Swift's Premium tender Franks

- ➔ New!
- ➔ Fresh!
- ➔ Sanitary!
- ➔ Flavorful!
- ➔ Exclusively Swifts!



And another famous favorite
**Swift's Brookfield
Pure Pork Sausage**

Noted for its tasty lean
links and wholesome
freshness. Perfect for a
breakfast. Ideal for a
main meal dish in a jiffy.

Just-right Seasoning!

And **Swift's Premium
Table-Ready Meats**
LIKE TASTY PICKLE AND
PIMIENTO LOAF

THE SAUSAGE WITH THE

The frankfurt that's

all "*Dinner-Quality*" meat

♪ TENDER BEEF . . . JUICY PORK ♪
KNOWN FROM THE WEST COAST TO NEW YORK

THERE'S taste delight in every succulent bite of these plump, juicy frankfurts. And to bring them to you at peak flavor and make identification easy—they're now packed in cellophane—sealed and branded with the name Swift's Premium.

Highlight your dinner menu with these luscious links tonight! They're so easy to prepare, you can serve 'em at a moment's notice. Get Swift's Premium Franks *protected* in the new flavor-saver cellophane package! Get a package or two at your dealer's now!

Illustrated by
LEE CONREY



To All intents and Purposes the Donation Is Going to a
Worthy Cause, but an Investigation Brought About by a
Shadowing Agent of the Law Will Prove That Frequently
the Smartly-Dressed Lady in the Mink Coat Is in Reality
a Cheap Racketeer.

By Harry Gray

"HOW do you do, sir? Won't you give something for the Goodwill Home for the Aged?"

A lovely, smiling girl fingles a card in her hand. Do you ever pause to ask her for credentials, or for what charity she is soliciting money?

Too often, she is proving that one of America's great virtues—the decent, sympathetic response to a plea for the unfortunate—can be turned into a racket. She may be depending on you to put money into her own pocket by "doing unto others as you would have them do unto you."

In the name of brotherly love, seeking aid for the needy, grafting promoters are capitalizing generosity into a gigantic gyp of the public reaching \$100,000,000 annually.

Better Business Bureaus and the National Information Bureau, organizations alert to protect legitimate philanthropy, recently have nominated fake charity solicitors for a new high in racketeering effrontery and shamelessness.

Almost every city has been victimized by charity-collecting frauds that have taken big money. Laws in some states permit charters for charitable organizations for as low as \$12.

Frequently these charters amount to a license to defraud. New York City in five years has

renewed 17 such charters because of fraud.

The work of scores of reputable organizations that conduct properly approved fund drives and honestly need the money is seriously hampered. In New York City the Welfare Department became alarmed at the number of complaints about Jingle Jills, smartly-dressed girls, some in mink coats, who dotted the streets, invaded restaurants, bars and stores asking for nickels, dimes and quarters for this or that charity.

Investigators toured the city. Soon they were confronted by a radiant brunet boidly jingling a container. "Won't you help the sick babies?" "What sick babies?" inquired the investigator. "You know, the Henry Street Settlement," the girl persisted. (The Henry Street Settlement is a reputable welfare organization with an outstanding record for social welfare.)

"But the can is labeled Beacon Street Mission," said the investigator.

He called a policeman and the girl was arrested on the charge of fraudulently using the name of a charitable organization. As the case was prepared for trial, the "Mission" folded.

Two more girls were encountered on the tour. They told investigators their pay depended on collections. It was learned the girls averaged \$10 a day and they were allowed to keep \$6.

The system is, said one girl, "that if we collect \$10 or more we keep 50 per cent and get \$1 bonus. Under \$10 we get \$3."

One bogus outfit rented labeled containers to girls for \$5 a week. The girls kept the whole take.

Another group operated in Brooklyn, N. Y. under the name of the American Volunteer Army. The so-called Army provided a uniform, cap, tin can and license to beg in the name of the Army for \$5 a week. The girls kept all they collected.

The high pressure letter campaign is a favorite method of these racketeers. In Chicago one organization used a summer outing appeal. Letters to prospective contributors, the names obtained from "sucker" lists, asked:

"Did you ever want to make a dream come true? Of course, you have—a dream that would give some child the thrill of his life."

"We aim to send as many little folks as possible out into the fields, the woods, the lakes and rivers...there to give them holidays of health, hope and memories that will last forever."

"Send us your check for \$25 which will care for one child...make it two or three if you can."

A Better Business Bureau inquiry developed that in a 1,000,000-letter campaign in 1943 the promoters raised \$64,000, of which they took \$40,000 for expenses. In 1941 a 1,200,000-letter

campaign raised \$61,000, of which \$50,000 went to expenses.

The group admitted that an appeal in 1946 raised \$14,425 and only \$194 was used to send children to camps. The Illinois State Department of Welfare filed suit for revocation of its charter. The directors resigned and the outfit went into liquidation.

A self-styled bishop, William Frederick Tyarks, who was a vagrant, operated a fraudulent church in New York City 10 years before the last racketeer with them. They netted \$100,000 a year from a church which inclined businessmen.

Tyarks had obtained for \$12 a state charter for the American Catholic Orthodox Church. There was no connection with the Roman or Greek Catholic Churches. He made himself bishop and ordained his fellow crooks "fathers."

He obtained two ground-floor storerooms in a tenement district, one a "gospel hall" and the other a "rectory."

When detectives raided the headquarters they found a pile of comic books in the rectory and the gospel hall turned out to be a barren room with a pulpit rail, a cross behind it, no chairs and an oil stove.

The bishop and his associates, all of whom dressed in clerical garb, combed the business district by direct mail, telephone, and in person. They claimed the church sheltered permanently

100 indigent persons, maintained a nursery, for children of working mothers and operated a free summer camp for boys. Contributions ranged from \$1 to \$25.

One businessman reported he had offered a "father" a coin and the man threw it down. The church stationery listed an "honorary committee" of Jack Dempsey, Mrs. Oliver Harriman and Senator Robert F. Wagner, without their consent or knowledge.

The chiselers were brought to trial and all received prison terms.

The use of big names is common practice with telephone charity solicitors. A charity thief called several New York businessmen by telephone representing himself as Fritz Kreisler calling at the request of Walter Damrosch.

The solicitor said that the "Old Ladies Home" at Long Beach would have to close its doors unless some funds were raised. Would the businessman buy half a dozen tickets for a benefit? Neither Mr. Kreisler nor Mr. Damrosch knew anything about the request.

Charity promoters quickly grabbed on to the legitimate need for relief left by the war. An ambitious group operating as the American War Heroes Foundation Inc. had their charter revoked by Justice William Collins with a court opinion which stated: "Charity not only began at the home of the Foundation it ended there."

This group specialized in big names and big donations. An innocent group of notables, was prevailed on to lend their names to a "General Committee."

The Foundation proposed to endow the education of children of American war heroes. Heading the promotion was George L. Fecke, who launched a series of dances and banquets at the Waldorf-Astoria. A testimonial dinner for General MacArthur was held at the hotel.

Large donations came easily from a patriotic public. When the District Attorney and the Welfare Department checked, they found Fecke allowed himself \$1,500 a month as salary and an expense account up to 50 per cent of the receipts.

It is not always easy to convince the generous giver of the full extent of a gyp. Frank W. Brock, an authority on charity frauds, tells of a Pittsburgh philanthropist who became an easy tap for this type of racketeer. He joined the Better Business Bureau. Soon he was solicited by a faker. He called the Bureau to check. He was informed the solicitation was a gyp.

"Do you mean to say that organization is crooked?" he shouted. "Why, the scoundrels! I've promised them \$150 but after hearing this, I'm going to cut my contribution in half."

In San Francisco a gang of promoters launched

a fake trust for widows and orphans. The so-called trust was a racket.

The promoters wrote his check for \$5,000. When the solicitor returned to his office and announced his big grab the promoters told him they would not pay him 25 per cent on such a large amount. A check was 25 per cent.

The solicitor refused to turn over the check. He returned with it to the donor.

"I am going to ask you to help me out of a difficulty," he told the millionaire. "My organization is trying to beat me out of my money. I've showed a written agreement he had with the promoters to receive 50 per cent of his collections."

"That is your agreement, all right," the millionaire confirmed. "What do you want me to do?"

"I want you to make out two checks for \$2,500 each. One to my organization and one to me."

"That seems right to me," was the answer, and the checks were made out. The generous man apparently was blind to any gyp against himself.

Following a rash of solicitations in Memphis, Tenn., Robert E. Hurst set out to prove that the public is inclined to give without investigation.

He circulated a paper calling for contributions to the "Fund for the Widow of the Unknown Soldier." In a few minutes he collected \$11 from 11 contributors. He returned the money.

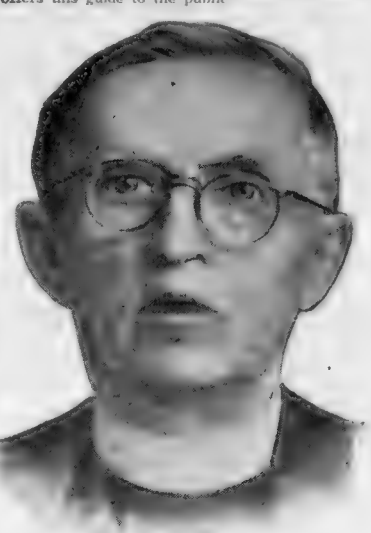
Sound philanthropy ranks as one of the big industries of the country with assets of over \$10,000,000,000. Annual income passes \$1,000,000,000, a large portion of it in contributions.

It is good practice to be generous to legitimate charities. Sympathy and need make all kin. It is not difficult for a donor to check the sincerity of any cause to which he wishes to give.

Better Business Bureaus are prepared to give this information. The National Bureau of Information, in most major cities, is organized especially to deal with this problem. Municipal Welfare Departments also investigate solicitations.

Los Angeles has one of the nation's most rigid ordinances controlling charity solicitations. The municipal social service department screens over 1,000 applications a year for solicitation permits.

The department has control from inception of an appeal until final distribution of the funds. The New York City Department of Welfare offers this guide to the public:



William F. Tyarks, Self-Styled Bishop, Got Away With a Charity Fraud for 10 Years.

"Don't make contributions without investigation."

"Don't respond to telephone solicitations, especially when an appeal is made for quick action."

"Don't listen to 'judges,' 'commissioners' or other public officials on the telephone."

"Don't be influenced by a religious name or title. It is just as easy for crooks as for honest people to incorporate under philanthropic corporation laws."

"Don't decide to contribute until you have seen a letterhead and literature of the organization. You can then check on the facts."

"Don't join a board of directors of an organization just because the name smacks of charity. Know something about an organization to which you lend your name; otherwise the public might be misled and you might be embarrassed."



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SKIN-SAFE SOLITAIR! The only foundation-and-powder make-up with clinical evidence*—certified by leading skin specialists from coast to coast—that it **DOES NOT CLOG PORES**, cause skin texture change or inflammation of hair follicle or other gland opening. No other liquid, powder, cream or cake "foundation" make-up offers such positive proof of safety for your skin.

*biopsy-specimen.

CLINGS LONGER! Outlasts Powder

NON-DRYING! Contains Lanolin

Solitair gives your skin a soft, petal-smooth appearance of poreless perfection. Hides little skin faults. Never before have you looked so ravishing, so glamorous. Unlike any other make-up, Solitair is a special lightweight formula—goes on as quick and easy as face powder. *stays* fresh-looking all day without retouching. Most important, your lovely new complexion looks as if you were born with it—it is so flatteringly natural. No "made-up" look. No heavy, mask-like feeling. In addition, Solitair, like finest face creams, contains lanolin to protect your skin against dryness. Try this modern make-up that millions have tested—and prefer. Why experiment? No better quality. Only \$1.00

Gown by Ciel Chapman

**GIRLS—IT'S NEW!
THE FASHION-POINT***

The first and only lipstick actually shaped to fit your lips! Gives you brush precision—applies color quicker, easier, and more evenly. No blurred edges! In 6 brilliant, new tints that go on so creamy, smooth—look so soft, lovely, and stay on your lips so long.

Non-drying—made with lanolin. In America's most beautiful lipstick case, gleaming, polished metal. \$1.00



Contains Lanolin

Solitair
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and

*Fashion-Point Lipstick



Slanting cap with red enameled circle identifies the famous *Fashion-Point, and shows you exact color of lipstick inside. U. S. Pat. No. 2162581.

The Bookmaker Protested When He Was Barred but He Found the Tracks Had a Legal Right to Select Their Own Customers.



Bouncing the bookies

By Dan Parker

WHEN a race track bars a solvent customer it's either a mistake or a bookmaker.

But whatever else it may be, it's legal, since the New York State Court of Appeals ruled recently that the Aqueduct track was within its rights in refusing to open the door for Coleman F. (Coley) Madden, a gentleman of speculative tendencies who authored a best seller in the clubhouses of New York tracks in the days before the Iron Men (mutual machines) took over.

In its decision in the cause celebre, the Court of Appeals held it to be the fundamental right of a race track to reject the patronage of anyone on any reason, so long as it didn't involve race, creed or color.

An odd angle to the Madden case was that when the Aqueduct track gave Coley the vagrant's vamoose in 1945, it did so under the misapprehension that he was Owney Madden who had made a fortune in night clubs, beer and whiskey during the prohibition era and had backed several books including one operated by his brother, Marty.

"This is maddening," said Coley when they gave him the gate instead of the slate. "A fine kettle of clippers. I call it, when a man free and I can't contribute to the improvement of the breed." So he had the law on the tracks and won vindication in the New York Supreme Court.

However, the higher tribunal ruled that no matter what branch of the Madison clan Coley belonged to,

he didn't have any right to enter a race track in which his patronage wasn't wanted.

Does this interpretation of the law mean that, henceforth, race tracks will be harder to get into than the Union League Club? Hardly. The double entry bookkeeper, hoping to make a killing to pay the rent, will never find the gates closed.

One of the most comical aspects of the Madden case is that Memphis Engelberg, the Brooklyn "handcapper" whose presence in a box next to Larry MacPhail in the Havana ball park one afternoon last March precipitated the "scandal" that threatened to blow baseball apart, has been vindicated by the track owners.

Baseball considers Memphis a "sinister" character, but the racing folk, who want no competition from bookmakers these days, welcome Memphis as a good citizen with a bankroll and his daily presence proves that Memphis isn't a bookie.

Behind the Court of Appeals ruling is the fact that the state is now virtually a partner of the track owners in the profitable business of improving the breed. Out of every dollar bet in New York, six cents goes to the state and four to the track.

The city, which is a rank outsider, cut itself in for a nickel last year, boosting the "take" from ten to 15 cents on the dollar. Besides its share of the tax, the state gets 60 per cent of the breakage, which gives it quite a stake in legalized gambling.

In the old days, before the state had explored fully the potentialities of race tracks as revenue producers, most of the gravy went to bookies.

The state collected a tax on ad-

missions and also charged the tracks a license fee, which added up to chicken feed compared with the \$27,000,000 or more that racing now pours into the New York State treasury annually. The racing associations made their money on gate receipts and the \$100 per day fee collected from the bookmakers.

One of these was Coleman F. Madden, a figur filbert, brought up on Grand street in New York's lower East Side. Coley, as he was called, operated a book in the clubhouse.

In those days, he was a person of importance at the track, hobnobbing with the elite of the turf in his daily transactions. He made a fortune in the market and is still wealthy.

But with the advent of pari-mutuel betting in 1940, Madden's status at the track changed overnight. All bookmakers, who had been working hand in hand with the track owners for years, were asked to stay away.

Tim Mara alone among the well-known betting ring operators escaped the ban. This was because he had quit the business about a year before the machines came and thus wasn't listed as a bookmaker.

Mara continued to visit the track and was always welcomed.

Others who weren't on the welcome list continued not only to attend but also to operate surreptitiously through inside connections. Thus, many a dollar was diverted from the machines into their pockets. Although this meant a loss of revenue for the state and the track, little was done to remedy the situation. Money was too plentiful. There was a heavy payoff somewhere along the line and the bookies who knew the password continued to operate.

Then the city poked its finger into the deep-dish pie and started coming up with plums.

The tracks' revenue started to drop. But although the city police

department now had a real incentive for cleaning out the bookies, nothing much seemed to happen. The most important characters in the city's gambling empire could be seen daily in the clubhouse.

Not until the regular police were replaced by undercover operatives did any results show. Then, one by one the bookmakers were bounced.

As a result of what the undercover men found out during their investigations, there was a general shakeup in the track police when the current season got under way. Hialeah in Florida had reorganized its private police force during the winter season with results that manifested themselves in higher revenue.

The millions that had been funneled off by the bookies operating with protection bought from venal track policemen now went through the machines, giving the state and the association their full share.

The New York tracks, following the Hialeah plan, also salvaged much of the "leakage." This made up for the loss of revenue from bookies' "comeback money" formerly dumped into the machines but now refused by race tracks "when recognized" under the new T.R.A. code of ethics.

Until the Appellate Division ruled in the track's favor in the Madden case, however, racing associations were hesitant to bar suspected bookmakers from their courses if there was any doubt. What if the track policeman had made a mistake? The answer now seems to be "So what?"

A track doesn't have to give any excuse except to state that for reasons having nothing to do with race, creed or color, the patronage of the person barred is not desired. Thus racial poetic justice be visited upon many a bookie who in his day has rejected the patronage of steady customers whose only sin was in cashing too many bets.

Illustrated by RALPH CRAWLEY

UNMARRIED MILLIONAIRES—Edgar Luckenbach

Shipowner, Theatrical Producer, Boyish Blond—He Likes Working Girls Best

By Jack Stone

EDGAR LUCKENBACH, 31, is a young man of many talents. He is a shipowner, a theatrical producer, a boyish blond, and he likes working girls best.

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Being a Theatrical Producer Requires a Lot of Concentration. Young Luckenbach Starts Reading Scripts in His Penthouse at 7 A.M. With the Chinese Butler—His One Luxury—in Attendance.

hickings before I can consider myself competent to pick my own right. But I don't want to be a 90-day wonder. I want to go up slow and sure and hit my peak when I'm about 40.

Since then Luckenbach has financed a revival of "Burlington" and true stage formula, with the old-fashioned Bert Lahr in the lead role, which has hit the Broadway jackpot. He also backed a new production of "The Taming of the Shrew" and "The Greatest of These," directed by Eddie Dowling, which did average.

It is odd that he put his finger in "Burlington" as a play starring Lahr, Mason, and the great old-fashioned Broadway star, Lahr, who was only a few years out of the Broadway show.

His first venture was Luckenbach's show on the radio, "The Show Show," which he produced and wrote. It was a success, and he was named "Show Show" producer.

He is now a young man of many talents. He is a shipowner, a theatrical producer, a boyish blond, and he likes working girls best.

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Lewis, who had accompanied Andrews, but elopement, was cut off with a scant \$3,000. Young Luckenbach goes about his business of making good strictly on his own with a fierce determination. He is at 7 a. m. in his penthouse apartment on New York's East 90th Street or he is immediately begins poring over scripts.

His penthouse surroundings are gay and tasteful. He is a young man of many talents. He is a shipowner, a theatrical producer, a boyish blond, and he likes working girls best.

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By G. B. Lal

NEW Investigations which will greatly help in the treatment of overweight, especially through therapy and the use of hormones and vitamins, have come to light.

They bring out more clearly than before the importance of nervous agitation and emotional tension in causing individuals to become too fat. They show that for the prevention and cure of overweight every aspect of the patient's personality must be thoroughly understood.

An instructive case was that of an attractive woman, in mid-twenties, who was cured of a strange tendency

FAT

From 'Psychic Hunger'



Illustrated by
CHARLES BRYSON

toward recurring fluctuations in weight. A highly emotional girl, she was deeply in love, but her romance did not follow an even course, and as a result she was repeatedly either gaining or losing weight.

Each time she quarreled with her sweetheart and went for several weeks without seeing him, she ate recklessly, as though under the compulsion of a voracious demon inside her. She would gain 20 to 30 pounds in a short time. Then, when she and her suitor made up, her weight would soon drop back to normal. This happened so often that on one occasion when she simply could not control her appetite, she consulted a skilled psychiatrist, who eventually freed her mind from tensions so that her appetite and weight became normal and remained so permanently.

Dr. Karen Horney, New York psychiatrist and author of "Neurotic Personality of Our Time," who has successfully treated many cases of overweight, says, "Women who suffer from emotional tension often develop uncontrollable appetite."

Bearing out Dr. Horney's observation, Dr. Charles Fried, San Francisco

She Was a Highly Emotional Girl and Each Time She Quarreled With Her Sweetheart She Ate Recklessly, Gaining 20 to 30 Pounds in a Short Time.

physician, has obtained direct proof that mental unrest stimulates "psychic hunger," or the compulsive drive towards excessive eating. He asked 500 of his patients, mostly women, with marked overweight, "When you're nervous or worried, do you eat more or less?" The majority, 465, said that they ate either larger meals or ate more frequently when nervous, worried, fatigued, idle or bored. Only 35 claimed that they ate heartily because they always enjoyed food.

Perhaps you are one of those harassed individuals who, despite repeated attempts to keep your weight down permanently through periodic "dieting" and exercises, are gradually or rapidly gaining in poundage.

If so, it might be wise to consult your physician and tell him all he needs to know about your personal life, as well as your habits of eating,

your heredity and social relationships.

Should you ask your doctor, "Why is appetite increased by nervous and emotional tension?" he is likely to give you this answer: "When you eat, your stomach draws the blood down from the brain centers. Thus, the brain centers, where nervous and emotional agitation operates, become temporarily less active, giving you transitory relief."

But, obviously, as the food disappears from the stomach the blood goes back to the brain, and your unrest begins all over again. So, your physician may give you a medicinal drug, like amphetamine sulfate (Benzedrine) in order to check the "trigger action" between brain disturbance and "psychic hunger."

No such drug, by itself, can cure overweight. Furthermore there is grave danger in its use without strict medical supervision. At best it's a

"crutch" which the doctor allows you to use, until he can change your personality sufficiently to get along without it.

In controlling weight, the most useful drugs are the hormones or equivalent glandular preparations. It is known in a general way that the glands which produce hormones, such as thyroid, sex, pituitary, adrenal substances, play a very important although not yet fully understood, part in the body's production and storage of fat.

Overweight simply means that the food you eat is turned into fat, more than the fat required by the body. And this fat becomes deposited around the heart, abdomen, waist, thighs and other places.

When there is a deficiency of some vital hormone, the body may produce and store up fat more rapidly than without such deficiency.

That is why the physician, when necessary, gives thyroid, pituitary and other hormones to control obesity. Such therapy is particularly important when obesity runs in the family, since that is mostly due to inheritable glandular defects.

A significant discovery about the relationship between glandular disturbances and obesity has been, recently, made by Dr. Gustav J. Martin, director of research of the National Drug Laboratories, Philadelphia.

He found that when there was deficiency of testosterone (male sex hormone) in male rats, most of them became very moderately overweight. And, if the rats had the normal amount of this hormone, but were fed diet lacking vitamin E, they lost fat

and weight rapidly.

However, if these rats lacked the male hormone in their body and also ate food which had no vitamin E, they became tremendously fat.

From this, it was concluded that "multiple deficiency"—insufficiency of two or more essential chemicals, especially hormones and vitamins—may play an important part in pronounced obesity in man.

Dr. Martin thinks that hereditary glandular deficiencies together with lack of E and other vitamins accounted for the prototypes of such characters as Shakespeare's Falstaff and Charles Dickens' Fat-Boy in the Pickwick Papers.

Archeologists have found that 2,300 years ago, in the temples of the Greek islands of Los and Epidauros, obese people offered clay figurines, representing themselves, to the God of Health, hoping thereby to bring about a cure by proxy.

Even better than the ancients, we know that a wide waist line means a short life line.

We also appreciate how their prayers might have helped the Greeks to lose weight, for modern psychiatry tells us that mental troubles, rooted in childhood emotional patterns, play such an important part in obesity. Parents have to give their children the kindly, affectionate treatment—neither overindulgence nor cold severity—and training in proper eating in order to avoid obesity-causing habits.

THE AMERICAN WEEKLY

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THE Dignity of Labor— MILKMEN

WHEN Raymond Clancy jumped in the window after the burglar that morning in Chicago, he considered himself well armed. The other man might have a gun or a knife, but what was that to Clancy?

He was a milkman, and the weapon in his hand was a quart of milk.

Making his early morning rounds, Clancy had seen the burglar climb through the kitchen window. He knew that an unprotected woman and two daughters lived in the house. Was so quick to come to their rescue that when he jumped through the window he landed right on top of the burglar.

Clancy hit him with the milk bottle, a table, and his fist. After cutting Clancy with a knife and biting a finger, the burglar escaped.

The milkman's knife wound required two stitches, his fingers had to be bandaged, and his knuckles were sore for days—but his customers were

Few people are ever even aware of their milkmen, yet their heroic exploits in the early morning hours are legion.

The Milk Industry Foundation has set up several awards, given each year for the most heroic feats. Clancy was one of the winners.

Milkmen often tangle with thieves, who also operate in the early morning. They must also fight the elements, and often are the first to discover fires.

Leo Vaut, of Midwest City, Oklahoma, dashed from a porch on his way to an airport across the road, and dragged eight persons from a burning plane. It had crashed and caught on fire at the time.

It takes a lot to stop a milkman. W. A. Turner of Richmond, Va., had, for example, blown his valve on milk the boys in a milkmen camp on route, and yet there were 100

... of the ... between ... waste much time ... it to do about it ... to two big empty milk ... the ropes to himself ... in. Eight times he swam

through the flood waters, towing heavy cans.

The boys got their milk.

R. Scott Wilson of Washington, D. C., driving by on his route, saw a small boy swept from the banks of a creek into a culvert, which passed under the road. Wilson jumped from his truck and, when the boy came out the other side of the culvert, jumped in after him and pulled him out.

"Got to take care of my customers," he said.

Francis R. Roeder of St. Louis had the same feeling. One morning, on a hunch, he knocked at the door of an irregular customer, an 80-year-old woman.

Hearing a feeble "Come in," he opened the door. On the floor lay the old lady. She had been several hours before and lay there helpless.

"I prayed you would come," she told her milkman, over and over. "I knew nobody else would come by to-day."

Charles W. Nelson, a Philadelphia milkman, was working Frances Ball, an employee of the same dairy, home one night, carrying, of course, a bottle of milk. A thug stepped out of the shadows and pointed a pistol at Mrs. Ball. The next thing he knew the bottle of milk crashed on his head, and Nelson was on him.



Police arrived to finish the job, and Frances and Nelson went on home. A few weeks later they were married. Frances knew that a man so handy with a bottle of milk would be useful around the house.

George O'Connor, of San Francisco, was one man who dropped his bottles and got a reward for it. Just as O'Connor stepped out of his wagon one morning he heard the sound of breaking glass overhead. He looked up and saw a little girl hurtling downward.

O'Connor dropped his bottles and caught the child. The impact knocked him down, but the child was unhurt and he carried her upstairs to her grateful mother. The girl had been jumping up and down on a bed, lost her balance, and went out the window.

Another milkman who arrived just at the nick of time was John F. O'Neil of Boston. He heard the cries of a woman who he knew was blind and dashed into her house.

In the kitchen he found her in flames and her brother, also blind, vainly trying to extinguish the fire. O'Neil beat out the flames and then got aid from police and fire department.

Frank Stankiewicz, this year's gold medal winner, didn't wait for firemen either. Despite warning from the owner of a grocery store on his route, he ran into the cellar where a leaky oil burner was aflame. He had to hunt for the valve to turn the oil off, all the while expecting the stove to explode. Knowing water would not put out the fire, he found sand to smother the flames.

A section of Green Township, Pa. was cut off from the world by a severe blizzard. John Straub and Merritt Johnson decided to do something about it. They took their milk truck as far as it would go, then cut across fields with a team and hobbled.

The last mile and a half they made on snowshoes, the milk on their backs. Repeated trips were necessary, and each trip took a day.

The families were marooned for eight weeks, and each week the men sacrificed their free day to make the trip. They added bread and mail to their cargo. They didn't get a day off for a long time, but they got the milk through.



Quick Thinking by a Courageous San Francisco Milkman Kept a Careless Child From Being Dashed to Death. George O'Connor Dropped His Bottles and Caught the Six-Year-Old at the Risk of His Own Life.



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Keep a box at home—one at work.

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Summer Sports?
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Please send me your free booklet on Psoriasis.
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Letters to the Editor

I HAVE called everybody I know, and asked them to read your recent story about "The Mystery of Percy Thomas," and pass the word along.

Thank God my two sons came back from service with the U. S. Navy. I have a dear friend who lost two sons in France within a few months of each other. Her mind has never since been at rest. I know she feels the same as Mrs. Thomas does, never knowing if her boys will turn up alive some day.

Please let us have anything more on this as soon as it develops. I know there are many people just as interested as I am.

Mrs. Mary Quick
Buffalo, N. Y.

I was greatly interested in your article, "Help for Asthma Sufferers," because I've had asthma for 21 years. It's meant sleepless nights and much agony, but I pulled through because of discoveries by doctors who sacrificed much to find relief for my agony.

I, too, am helped by the same medicine used by Dave Ferriss, the Boston Red Sox pitcher mentioned in your article. I hope he makes a great comeback, and that in the future people will understand when he has an off day, and know that he is doing his best.

Michael J. English
Union, N. Y.

Just a few words to let you know how much our whole family appreciates your articles on "My Faith." It is our opinion, and that of our friends that a booklet of these uplifting articles should be placed in every library in the land, including schools and colleges.

Your articles help to make the most humble life enjoyable and worth while. Keep them coming. We love them!

William Bartholomew
Portland, Ore.

Your recent article, "Remorse With a Payoff," should be a timely reminder to all drunk drivers, not only to young vets but also to those of us who stayed at home.

Veterans Ernest Sandor and Walter Sherrill should be indebted to Judges Malden and Haralson for being wise and understanding enough to give them a chance to help their victims, instead of putting them in jail, and leaving the bereaved families without support. Some judges might not have been so perceptive.

Alfonso Strachen
Miami, Fla.

Your recent story, "Moth or Reward," about Mrs. Hester Miller, and how she brought up her family after her husband's death, was the best I ever read in The American Weekly. She had great courage. She didn't have conveniences like we people have today. Please give us more stories like hers.

Anna Stanley
Oakland, Calif.

In writing to The Editor, address him care of The American Weekly, 61 Vesey Street, New York 7, N. Y.

July 27, 1947

Merle Oberon discovers New Improved DRENE!



MERLE OBERON, star of RKO's
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MERLE OBERON, shining Hollywood star, tells you: "It's true! New Drene can bring out the most glorious sheen in my hair!"

See for yourself how this new, different Drene now lets your hair shine like stars. For it now makes quicker, easier, more active lather. Lathers out the sheen in your hair. Hair more shen—by actual test—than any soap shampoo.

And new improved Drene never dries out your hair. Instead, it actually helps avoid dandruff from shampooing. Yes, leaves your hair softer, smoother, far easier to set, curl, and arrange. Try new Drene! At your dealer's now in the same blue-and-yellow package.



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Look for these new Winchester post-war HI-POWER flashlights at your dealer's store. The minute you see them—hold them—snap their switches—you'll know... these are the flashlights for you!

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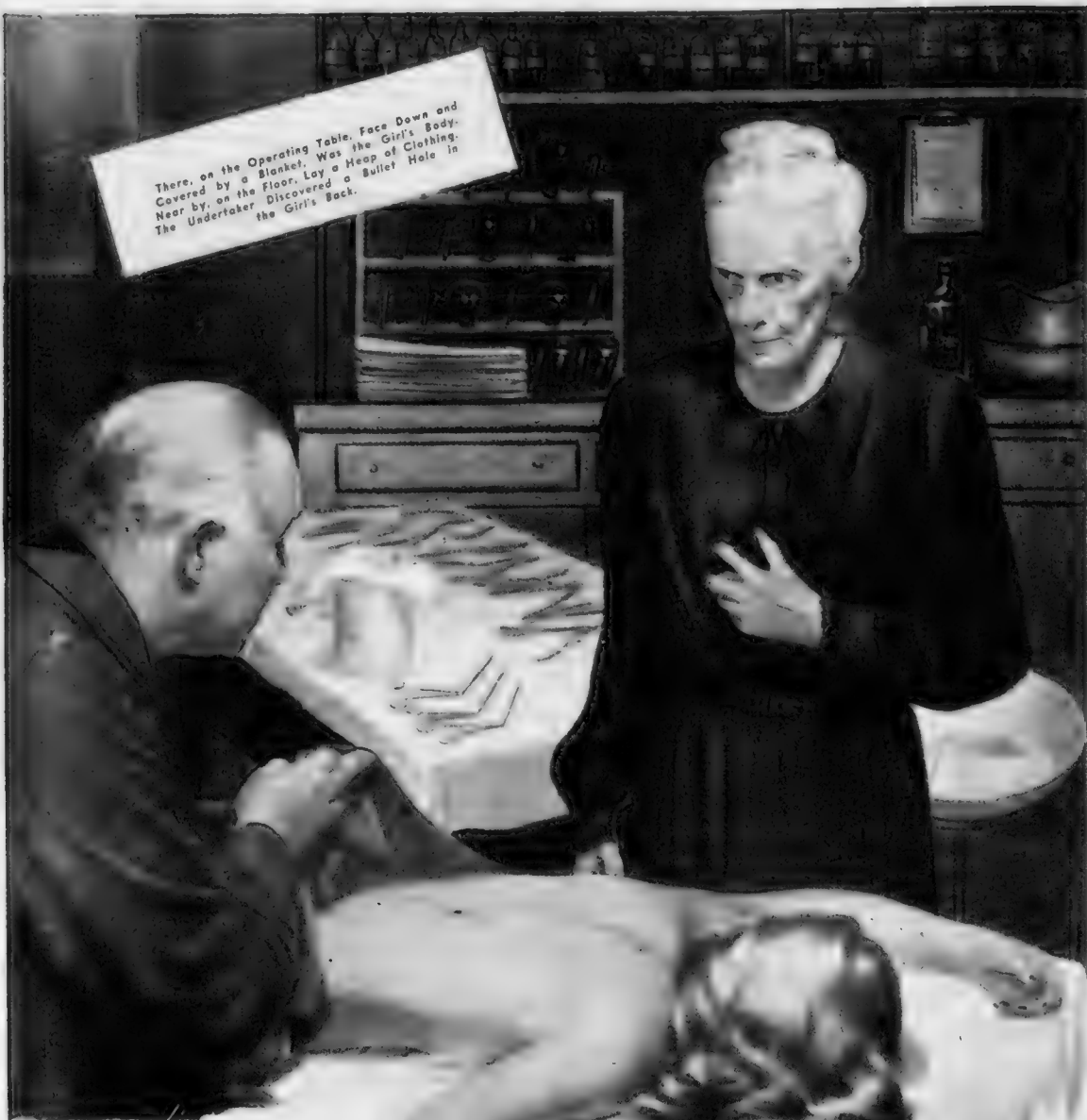
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WINCHESTER

THE AMERICAN WEEKLY 23



By Peter Levins

FANTASTIC is the word to describe the Wynkoop case, an outstanding Chicago contribution to any gallery of American mysteries. Consider this opening sequence of events:

At about 10 p. m., Tuesday, Nov. 21, 1933, Tom Ahearn, a neighborhood undertaker and former alderman, received a telephone call from Dr. Alice Lindsay Wynkoop, 62-year-old Chicago physician, who lived near by at 3406 West Monroe St.

Dr. Wynkoop informed Ahearn that her daughter-in-law, Rheta, had just died and would he "please come over and get the body."

Ahearn hastened to the gloomy-looking 16-room mansion which Alice Wynkoop and her husband, the late Dr. Frank Wynkoop, had built 30 years before. He was met at the door by the gaunt, grim-faced physician.

"This way, Tom," she said.

He followed her downstairs to her office, and to the operating room. There, on the operating table, lying face down and covered by a blanket, was the body of 23-year-old Rheta, wife of Dr. Wynkoop's son, Earle. A few inches from her head, on the same table, reposed a .32 caliber revolver, wrapped in gauze. Near by, on the floor, lay a heap of clothing.

Ahearn discovered a bullet hole in the girl's back. There were powder burns.

"This is a matter for the police, doctor," he exclaimed. "I couldn't possibly remove the body

before they see it. You ought to know that!" Dr. Wynkoop nodded. "Yes, I suppose you're right," she said.

The undertaker made his call. At headquarters, the alarm went out over the air to Officer Arthur R. March, in charge of Squad Car 15. Soon afterwards the police were searching the house on West Monroe St., with Capt. John Stege directing operations.

Dr. Wynkoop said she had discovered the body after Rheta failed to show up for dinner. She said the murder must have been committed by an intruder; the house had been broken into twice in recent months, she told Stege, and quantities of narcotics had been stolen. The captain did not feel inclined to accept this story.

"Where is your son?" he asked.

"He left for Colorado several days ago," she replied. "He planned to take color photos with a friend."

Upstairs, among the doctor's effects, a detective found a note which Dr. Wynkoop had written her son but had not mailed because, she explained, "I wanted to calm down before I mailed it." The

Illustrated by HY RUBIN

Case OF THE Enigmatic DR. WYNEKOOP

note, obviously written in distress, read "Sunday night

"Precious

"I'm choked—you are gone—you have called me up—and after 10 minutes or so, I called and called—no answer—maybe you are sleeping—you need to be—but I want to hear your voice again tonight—I would give anything I had to spend an hour—in real talk with you tonight."

CAPTAIN STEGE wanted to know what had happened to cause Dr. Wynekoop to write such an hysterical outburst. He got only a partial answer. Young Wynekoop, who at 27 had not yet learned the knack of supporting himself, much less a wife, had, unknown to Rheta, met his doting mother in a secret rendezvous the previous Sunday night.

What had mother and son talked about? That never became known. It did develop, however, that Earle had become dissatisfied with his marriage, and that his interest in other women had wandered far and wide.

Dr. Wynekoop had become a practicing physician in Chicago for 38 years. She had become a leading specialist in the ailments of women and children. But apparently all her knowledge and experience and fine scientific sense deserted her when any matter came up involving her son.

Normally she could be classed as one of the most intelligent of humanitarians. She had been a dynamic leader in the suffrage and other feminist movements.

She had achieved nationwide fame in 1910 for her advocacy of "four children in each family" opposition to Olive Schreiner, a well-known novelist of that period, who had proclaimed that one child per family was sufficient.

The former Alice Lois Lindsay had been born near Onarga, Ill., of New England stock. As a girl she had been tall, red-haired; because of her high coloring and excellent mind, she had acquired the nickname of "Gloria."

She was already well established as a physician when, at the age of 31, she married Frank Eldredge Wynekoop, himself a noted doctor, descendant of Cornelius Wynekoop, who had come to America from Holland in 1647. Wynekoop's brothers, Charles and Gilbert, also were doctors.

In the matter of children, Alice Wynekoop practiced what she later preached, for she bore three children—Catherine, Earle and Walker—and adopted a fourth.

In addition to rearing her children and practicing her profession, this strong-willed woman managed to engage in various activities outside the home. Besides belonging to several medical societies, she became active in the exclusive Women's Club, was a director of the Mothers' Club and an adviser of the Off the Street Club.

The daughter Catherine also became a doctor.

Dr. Frank Wynekoop had died in 1929, and after the sensational story broke in 1933, the word "Sudden" was used to describe his death. The newspapers also cited three other recent deaths, and tried—unsuccessfully—to fit them into some sort of sinister pattern. These were:

1. The adopted daughter.
2. Miss Catherine Porter, an elderly boarder who had been treated by Dr. Alice for cancer and heart disease.

3. The octogenarian father of Miss Enid Hennessey, schoolteacher friend of Dr. Alice. Miss Hennessey lived in the West Monroe Street house and became an important figure in the probe.

Earle, second of the three children, had married Rheta Gardner, daughter of an Indianapolis flour and salt merchant, in August, 1929.

After the honeymoon the newlyweds took over a second-floor suite in the house.

Earle himself had no means by which to support a separate establishment; possibly he did not wish to live apart from his mother.

The local authorities, during those first hours of the inquiry, narrowed their suspects down to two: Earle and his mother. However, it appeared that Earle had been well out of town by Tuesday, the 21st, so police concentrated on the mother.

Motive? The police had two to work on: 1. That Dr. Wynekoop, inordinately attached to her son, had slain Rheta in order to relieve him of an unpleasant burden.

2. That, in addition to the above reason, she had killed the girl for the sake of \$10,000 in life insurance sponsored by her. (Dr. Wynekoop had caused Rheta to be insured only 28 days before.)

His mother was still being questioned, unsuccessfully, when Earle returned to Chicago in the company of a young woman who had thought

he was a bachelor whose first name was Michael. "I believe my wife was murdered by a woman," he told reporters. "My mother certainly had nothing to do with it."

He also made the startling statement that Rheta had once tried to poison the doctor.

Another of his remarks, not so startling, was that he had 50 girls listed in his date book.

OVER the objections of the Wynekoops and their attorney, Earle underwent a lie detector test. "I was unhappy in my married life," he stated. "Rheta and I had not lived together as man and wife for years. She was sickly, and I considered her my mental inferior."

"Do you suspect anyone of the killing?" Captain Stege asked.

He almost shouted his reply, "No, no!"

But the needle of the detector flew back and forth in obvious contradiction.

"You're lying!" Stege snapped. "Your mother knows something about this, and so do you!"

At hearing this accusation, he seemed to pull himself together. His voice dropped to a whisper.



Rheta Gardner Wynekoop
— Her Husband Had 50
Girls Listed in His
Date Book.

"There is a powerful bond of affection between my mother and myself," he said. "She blamed Rheta for our unhappy marriage, as mothers will, and it's barely possible that she might have had a motive for—"

He clapped a hand to his mouth, as if to halt the rush of telltale words.

"No, no!" he cried. "It can't be true!"

"Then what about yourself?" Stege demanded.

"It was your mother or you. Speak up!"

The young man seemed on the verge of collapse. Then he shouted: "I'll confess!"

If Earle expected his listeners to believe him, he was wrong. His movements had been carefully checked, and the police were convinced that he had been near Kansas City at the time Rheta died. There seemed to be no doubt that he was making a frenzied effort to divert suspicion from someone else: His mother.

The almost continuous questioning of Dr. Wynekoop culminated in the following statement, obtained late the morning of Nov. 24:

"Rheta was concerned about her health and frequently weighed herself, usually strapping for the purpose. On Tuesday, Nov. 21, after luncheon at about 1, she decided to go down to the Loop to purchase some sheet music that she had been wanting. (Rheta played the violin.) She was given money for this purpose and laid it on the table, deciding to weigh herself before dressing to go downtown. I went to the office. She was sitting on the table practically undressed, and said the pain in her side was troubling her."

"I remarked to her since it was a convenient interval for an examination, we might just as well have it over. She thought she would endure the

examination" better. If she might have a little anesthetic, Chloroform was conveniently at hand, and a few drops were put on a cloth and inhaled very deeply. She took several deep inhalations. I asked her if I was hurting her. She made no answer. Inspection revealed that respiration had stopped. Artificial respiration for about 20 minutes gave no response. Aetherscope examination revealed no heart beat.

WONDERING what method would cause the situation best to all and with the suggestion offered by the presence of a loaded revolver further injury being impossible, with great difficulty one cartridge was exploded at a distance of some half dozen inches from the patient.

"The scene was so overwhelming that no action was possible for a period of several hours."

Assistant District Attorney Charles S. Dougherty refused to credit this version. He expressed the opinion that Dr. Wynekoop had made up her mind to murder her daughter-in-law during a after her secret meeting with Earle.

As for Earle, he now made a whole series of contradictory statements. One of his stories had him slipping into the Wynekoop home that Tuesday afternoon, committing the crime, then fleeing by plane to Kansas City. He tried to re-enact the crime but made numerous mistakes.

So it was Dr. Wynekoop, alone, who went to trial on Jan. 11, 1934. This ended in a mistrial after the defendant was seized with an attack of angina pectoris. The second court contest opened on Feb. 19, Judge Harry H. Miller presiding.

One of the state's witnesses was Miss Hennessey, the school teacher, who had been the only eyewitness to Dr. Wynekoop's behavior and actions on the day of the tragedy.

SHE said she had breakfast that Tuesday morning with Dr. Wynekoop. She could not remember whether Rheta had eaten with them nor could she remember whether she'd talked to the girl. After breakfast, Miss Hennessey went to her job at the Marshall High School and later visited the Loop, returning home about 6.

"When I came into the house I saw the defendant in the kitchen," the witness continued. "She and I were very good friends. When I came in, she put on pork chops to fry, and when they were ready we had dinner. Rheta was not there."

"When we sat down at the table, we talked about Rheta. At the end of the meal, Dr. Wynekoop went to the telephone. She was worried about Rheta. She had told me that if Rheta saw some moving picture that she liked, she would stay and see it. Dr. Wynekoop said that she had left the house before Rheta did."

"I had noticed Rheta's coat and hat on the table in the library and remarked about it," she said. "Here is Rheta's coat and hat," Dr. Wynekoop answered. "She probably wore it when she came and sat to the Loop." I talked with Dr. Wynekoop after dinner. She had asked me to go to the drug store to have a prescription refilled.

"The drug store is situated at Madison and Kedzie Aves. I arrived home about a quarter after seven, I should judge; perhaps half past. I sat down in the library with Dr. Wynekoop and we talked for about an hour."

"We discussed at least two books while sitting in the library. One was 'Strange Interlude' and the other was 'The Forsyte Saga' . . . During the course of our conversation we discussed my hypochondria. She said she had something in the office that she thought I could use . . . The glass case where she kept drugs was the operating room. "She never got the medicine for me."

SHE never got the medicine, said Miss Hennessey, because that was when she found the body.

Now according to Dr. Wynekoop's confession, which she repudiated in the trial—Rheta had died, and she had fired that bullet into her back, hours before the school teacher came home. Yet by Miss Hennessey's account the doctor had betrayed not the faintest hint of the turmoil.

How was such self-possession to be explained? Dr. Wynekoop was by no means an unemotional person—was the performance she witnessed an extraordinary piece of acting?

The state, as previously indicated, held that the killing had been premeditated, and that the motive was to collect the life insurance. Dr. Wynekoop insisted on the witness stand that she had not informed her son shot Rheta, but the jury found her guilty and set her penalty at 25 years.

Six days later, on March 21, she was in the women's prison at Joliet, Ill. She is still there. At 73, her mind is still keen. She is a member of the Red Cross and works in the prison canteen.

Next week Peter Levins will tell another story from the Album of Famous Mysteries.

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Are You a Blue-Blood?

BETTER get out the family Bible and make an other check on your ancestors. You may be a baronet. According to Britain's latest official book of the peerage, there are no fewer than 19 reclaimed baronetcies going begging, and some of the potential claimants have already turned up in this country.

"If they're eligible, I wish they'd let me know," said C.F. J. Hankinson, editor of the book. "It costs nothing to make the claim."

Some of the titles carry with them a moth-eaten estate or two. All of them give the holder the right to put "Sir" in front of his name and "Bt." after it. The hitch is that anybody in this country who assumes a title must give up his American citizenship.

That's what bothers Noel C. Wolseley, a 56-year-old office worker in Manchester, N.H., who is next in line for a title presently held by Sir William Augustus Wolseley, a retired English clergyman who is 81 years old and has no son.

"I'd feel more or less obligated to take the title if it were offered to me," Wolseley says. "After all, it's been in the family since 1735. On the other hand, I wouldn't give up my American citizenship for anything. It seems silly that anybody should be required to take such a step."

Wolseley, who left Dublin for Canada when he was 17, married an American girl, Mae E. O'Connell, in 1913, and has been an American citizen since 1920.

ANOTHER potential baronet, William Montague Style, an assistant store manager in Waukesha, Wis., says he wants no part of the title which would be his.

"Nobody would call me 'sir,' anyway," he grins. "They've been after me for a long time to claim the title, but I don't want it. Too much tittle-tattle about

birth certificates. I don't think it's worth it."

Style's grandfather brought the title with him when he came to this country. Style says the family holdings in England were once quite large, but have since dwindled. "Now there's only 10 or 12 acres left," he says. "They're rented to old family retainers and servants for a penny

now?" she was asked.

Mrs. Graham, who emphasized, "is at his office, and cannot be disturbed."

If "Sir" and "mistress" don't mix in Brooklyn, they make a palatable cocktail in Henderson, Md., where another potential baronet says he's quite willing to assume the title. He is Adrian Dunbar, 39-year-old carpenter and painter who served with the Australian Army in World War I. He came to this country in 1919, and became an American citizen in 1937.

The shadow of one man stands between Dunbar and his baronetcy, which dates back to 1834. That man is Richard Sutherland Dunbar, who would be 73 if he is still alive. He vanished 20 years ago, and has not been heard from since. Adrian is a nephew of Richard's father, who was a cousin of the present titleholder, Sir James Dunbar, now 81.

I owe it to my two sons to take the title if Richard can't be located," Adrian says. "Besides, you know once an Englishman, always an Englishman."

Mrs. Dunbar, the former Esther Robinson of Henrytown, Md.,

doesn't feel quite that way, possibly because she never was an Englishman. She doesn't think she'd like to live in England, even though she understands that her husband would inherit an estate in Wigtownshire and a town house in London. But she'll go if Adrian goes.

ROBERT WILSON STIRLING, a funeral director in Indianapolis, Ind., is also thinking of his offspring in case he should happen to fall heir to a title. He's a cousin of Sir George Stirling, 76-year-old retired colonel who is Lord Lieutenant of Stirlingshire, Scotland, and present holder of a baronetcy created in 1666.

"I've been in the undertaking business in Indianapolis for 40 years," he says. "I think I'd better stay here. If I could arrange it, though, I'd like to pass the title along to my son, John, who was recently discharged from the Army."

John, a 24-year-old licensed embalmer, isn't much interested, however. "I might take it if enough dough came with it," he says. "Otherwise, not a chance."

In Indianapolis, also, is Miss Goldie Power, who wrote the editor of *The British Peerage* in England recently that she believes, the eldest of her three brothers should inherit the baronetcy vacated by the death of Sir George Power in 1928.

There are records in Cincinnati, where my grandfather settled, which I can show would establish the proper relationship," she wrote. "But we are poor people, and haven't been able to make the trip."



Most Americans Who Are Eligible for British Titles Don't Want Them, but One Maryland Painter Rather Likes the Idea.

or so a year. But the main reason I'll never take over is because it's a family tradition for children to be given the name of Frederick or Montague, to be used with the title. I'd sure hate to be known as 'Monty.'"

Believe it or not, there's a baronet in Brooklyn, too. He's Montrose Graham, whose title stems from the 17th century and was brought from England to Canada by Graham's father, who later moved to Brooklyn. An assistant bank secretary, Graham never uses his title, and until recently, only his family knew he had one.

"We pay no attention to it," Graham's wife told reporters, when word did get around.

"Where is Sir Montrose?

Can Cancer Be Cured?

THERE are 17,000,000 Americans living today who will die of cancer unless a cure is discovered soon enough to save some of them.

And are we any nearer to that cure today than we have been in the past? "Absolutely yes," says Dr. Roscoe B. Spencer, Director of the National Cancer Institute of the U. S. Public Health Service, in a revealing article especially written for next week's American Weekly.

Doctors have been making promising strides, recently, toward solving the mystery of one of our most deadly diseases. It's now believed that there are many different types of cancer, which may require individual treatments. Yet chemical research gives hope that a universal cure isn't out of the question.

For an up-to-date report on what we know about cancer, what steps have been made on the long and expensive road to its defeat, and what you can do to help, don't miss Dr. Spencer's vital article.

ANTHONY N. BRADY was a millionaire. But he would have swapped his Wall Street rating in a second for a paragraph in the Social Register. His life long dream was that one of his two sons would snare a blue-blooded bride and hoist the Brady name into the rarified sanctuaries.

It was a dream he carried to his deathbed unfulfilled, for despite a tangle of glittering marriages the family was as far removed from the 400's as ever. Next week's issue tells the dramatic story of Brady's bitter heartbreaks.

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Household..... Almanac

—Amy Alden

MAIN DISHES FOR SUMMER VARIETY

Hot Day Appetites Pep Up When
Beef Birds Come Out of a Good
Looking Skillet Right at the Table.



APPETITES are apt to lag in mid-summer, and dishes we have liked before seem so monotonous they prompt us to say, "I am not a bit hungry." That is when variety is needed, and we have searched out some main dishes to give your dinners new interest and get you out of the kitchen sooner. Often a favorite will have new taste appeal, if it is seasoned differently or an other cooking method is used, so why not try these recipes?

We tucked in two jam recipes to help you make the most of the fresh fruits while they are in season. A few glasses are always nice to have on the shelf to bring out at company time for a festive air.

Beef Birds

- 1 1/2 qts bread crumbs
- 1 1/2 tps salt
- 1 1/2 tps sage
- 1 tps diced celery
- 1 tps minced parsley
- 1 tps. pepper
- 5 tps. butter or fortified margarine
- 1 cup minced onion
- 6 steaks, about 3" x 5" cut 1/4" thick
- 1 1/2 cups salted oil
- 2 cups tomato juice
- 2 tps. flour
- 3 tps. water
- 1 tps. horseradish
- 1 tps. Worcestershire sauce

Combine first 6 ingredients. Meanwhile melt the butter, add the onion and simmer until tender. Add seasoned crumbs, and heat until a light golden brown, stirring constantly. Spread each steak with some of this bread dressing; roll up and secure with string. Brown in the hot oil in a heavy skillet. Add the tomato juice. Cover, and simmer for 1 hour, or until tender. Remove string and serve with sauce made by adding the 2 tps. flour blended with water for gravy. Season with horseradish and Worcestershire sauce. Serves 6.

Stuffed Cabbage Leaves

- 1 firm cabbage
- 1 lb. chopped beef
- 1/2 lb. pork sausage
- 1/2 lb. ham, cooked, chopped
- 1/2 cup bread crumbs
- 2 eggs, beaten
- 1/2 cup white wine
- Salt, pepper, parsley
- Caraway seeds optional

Mix the meats well, season with salt, pepper, cut parsley and caraway seeds, add crumbs and eggs mix. Remove leaves from cabbage and blanch them in a little hot salted water, drain and dry. Cover bottom of

Dutch oven or heavy kettle with the large outside leaves. Lay a spoonful of meat mixture on a cabbage leaf previously blanching, fold leaf, tie with string, and lay fold, down on leaves lining kettle, until leaves and meat are used. Add white wine. Cover and simmer very gently for 60 min. Lift out cabbage folds, and remove string. Strain gravy over cabbage. Serves 6-8.

Stuffed Veal Roll

- 2 1/2 lbs. boned veal breast (wgt. after boning)
- 6 tps. minced onion
- 4 tps. shortening
- 3 cups soft bread crumbs
- 1/2 tsp. salt
- Speck pepper
- 1/2 cup minced parsley
- 2 tps. sage
- 3 tps. salad oil or shortening
- 1 cup hot water

With sharp knife, trim cartilage from inside of veal. Saute onion in shortening until tender. Blend with next 5 ingredients; arrange on veal. Roll up tightly, like a jelly roll. Tie with string; fasten ends with skewers to hold in stuffing. Brown on all sides in Dutch oven. Place trivet under meat; slowly add the hot water. Cover and simmer 1 1/2 hrs. Chill. Serve.

Lobster a la Newburg

- 6 tps. butter or fortified margarine
- 3 cups cubed, cooked fresh or canned lobster meat
- 1 dash nutmeg
- 1 dash paprika
- 1/2 tsp. salt
- 2 tps. sherry (optional)
- 6 egg yolks
- 1 1/2 cups heavy cream

Melt butter in the top of a double boiler, add lobster, and cook over direct low heat for 3 min. Add seasonings, and sherry, and place over hot water. Beat the egg yolks slightly, add the cream, and mix well. Add this mixture gradually to the lobster and cook stirring until thickened. Serve at once on toast. Serves 6.

Note: This lobster mixture may be returned to the lobster shells or put into individual casseroles, sprinkled with buttered, soft bread crumbs, and browned under the broiler.

Dutch Oven Chicken

- 1 3 lb. fryer, cut up
- 4 tps. fat or salad oil
- 1 cup sliced onions
- 1/2 cup diced celery
- 3 tps. flour
- 1 1/2 tps. salt
- 1/2 tsp. dried sage
- 1/2 tsp. dried thyme
- 1 1/2 cups milk

Wash the chicken and dry slightly. Heat 2 tps. of the fat in a skillet; add the onions and celery, and cook over medium heat until tender and golden brown. Remove to a Dutch oven. Then put the remaining fat in the skillet; heat, and brown chicken on all sides. Arrange the chicken over the onions and celery in the Dutch oven. To the fat in the skillet—which should be about 3 tps.—add the flour, salt, sage, and thyme, while stirring. Then stir in

milk, and cook until thickened. Pour over chicken. Cover, and bake for 30 min in a moderate oven of 350 F.; then uncover, and bake for 30 min, longer until tender. Serves 4.

Blackberry Jam

- 4 cups (2 lbs.) prepared blackberries
- 7 cups granulated sugar
- 1/2 8 oz. bottle liquid pectin

Put about 2 qts. fully ripe berries through food chopper using coarse blade. Measure sugar and 4 cups prepared fruit into large saucepan, mix well, and bring to a full rolling boil over high heat. Stir constantly before and while boiling. Boil hard 1 min. Remove from heat, and stir in liquid pectin. Then stir and skim by turns for just 5 min, to cool slightly, to prevent floating fruit. Pour quickly into clean, freshly sterilized jelly glasses to within 1/4" of top. Cover at once with a 1/4" layer of hot paraffin. When cool cover each glass. Makes about 10 6-oz. glasses.

Red Currant Jam

- 4 cups (2 lbs.) prepared currants
- 7 1/2 cups (3 1/2 lbs.) granulated sugar
- 1/2 8 oz. bottle liquid pectin

To prepare fruit, crush thoroughly or put about 2 lbs. fully ripe currants through food chopper using coarse blade. Measure sugar and 4 cups prepared fruit into large saucepan, mix well, and bring to a full rolling boil over high heat. Stir constantly before and while boiling. Boil hard 1 min. Remove from heat and stir in liquid pectin. Then proceed as in Blackberry Jam. Makes about 11 6-oz. glasses.

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30 July 27, 1917

THE AMERICAN WEEKLY

"Do you mind having 'the girls' drop in?"

... Our roaming reporter asked folks from coast to coast



Mrs. CORINNE N. JACKSON, of Kansas City, Mo. "I used to win I'd be caught without a thing to serve but, believe me, it doesn't happen any more. I keep a supply of crackers, cheese or peanut butter, and beverages on hand now!"



Mrs. LOUISE WIGHTMAN, of Dallas, Tex. "No woman these days should mind surprise visits from her friends. It's so easy to keep on hand the essentials of a light snack... crackers with jam or a cheese spread. That's what I do!"



Mrs. ESTELLA PECK, of Columbus, Ohio. "Goodness, no! It's always a pleasant surprise when they do. That's because I'm generally prepared for their visits with some simple refreshment in the house... like crackers and cheese."



Mrs. NAIDA GRIER, of Memphis, Tenn. "On the contrary! I look forward to their visits... and pay a few back as well. I generally have something simple to serve. You know crackers are simply wonderful for occasions like this!"



Mrs. FRANCES HINES, of New York, N. Y. "Of course not! I may not be as well prepared for them as I'd like to be but I always have the makings of a light snack in the house—tea or coffee with crackers and some cheese spread."

**When "the girls" drop in...
turn to Hi Ho for *finer* flavor!**

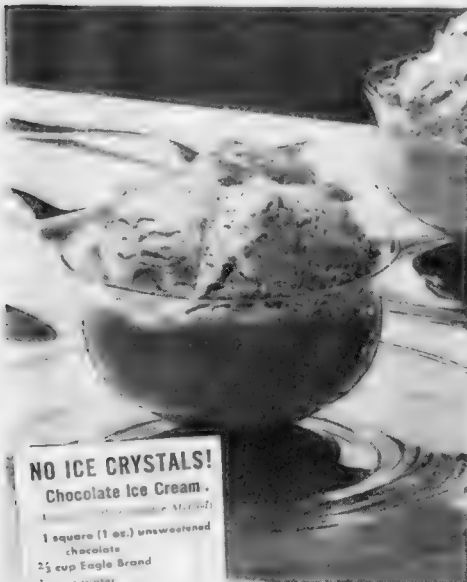
"Hello, darling!... come right in!"
But, to yourself, you say, "How wonderful I have those Hi Ho Crackers in the pantry!"
You top a few of these flaky, golden-brown crackers with a tasty jelly or cheese spread and serve with a simple beverage. Your friends are delighted. And you?... you're pleased, terribly pleased to be so well prepared for smart entertaining!

Sunshine
Hi Ho
CRACKERS
ONE POUND

FROM THE THOUSAND WINDOW BAKERIES OF *Sunshine Biscuits, INC.*

GLORIOUS ICE CREAM

Make it without extra sugar!



NO ICE CRYSTALS! Chocolate Ice Cream.

- 1 square (1 oz.) unsweetened chocolate
- 2½ cup Eagle Brand
- 1½ cup water
- 1½ teaspoon vanilla
- 1½ cup chilled cream or evaporated milk

Set refrigerator control at coldest point. Melt chocolate in top of double boiler. Add Eagle Brand Sweetened Condensed Milk and stir over rapidly boiling water 5 minutes or until thick. Add water and mix well. Chill. Add vanilla and cream or evaporated milk. Mix well. Freeze rapidly in freezing unit of refrigerator until half-frozen. Scrape from freezing tray into chilled bowl. Beat until smooth but not melted. Replace in freezing unit. Before completely frozen, beat again until smooth. Finish freezing unit smooth. Serves 5.



HERE'S
THE QUICK, EASY,
FOOLPROOF RECIPE

Make it with EAGLE BRAND

The secret of magic ice cream... smooth as velvet, lusciously true flavored, is Eagle Brand! It's a blending of pure whole milk and sugar to almost unbelievably creamy smoothness! This superb blend—nothing artificial—does glorious things to ice creams. And to cookies, frostings, candies, too! Try the easy, foolproof recipes in the Book of Magic Recipes.

FREE! Send a penny post card to The Borden Co., Dept. AW27, P.O. Box 175, New York 8, N. Y. P.S. Be sure to insist on the original Sweetened Condensed Milk. EAGLE BRAND. It's made by Borden's, and it's GOT to be good!



DICK SISLER relaxes at the piano now and then, with Mrs. Sisler, when not slugging for World Champion St. Louis Cards. The young couple both enjoy Wheaties, too. Famous training dish. Nourishing flakes of 100% whole wheat. Second-helping good, with milk and fruit. Had your Wheaties today?

The Epicure

ARMENIAN VEGETABLE COOKERY

By GEORGE MARDIKIAN

One of the greatest of the world's table d'hôte of Armenian food is the vegetable cookery. It is not only a part of the Armenian diet, but it is also a part of the Armenian culture. The Armenian people are very fond of vegetables, and they have a long history of vegetable cookery. The Armenian people are very fond of vegetables, and they have a long history of vegetable cookery.

The legend behind this dish is an interesting one. It says that a Moldavian priest named Imam, who was very fond of vegetable cookery, was once visited by his wife. She was very much afraid of her husband's anger, but she collected her wits and managed to camouflage the dish with other vegetables. Her husband enjoyed it so much and ate so heartily that he fainted at the end of the meal—and so the title, Imam Bayeld, which literally means "the priest fainted."

- 2 large eggplants
- 1½ pound onions, sliced
- 1½ pound green peppers
- 1½ cupful chopped parsley
- 1 cupful olive oil
- 1 peanut oil
- 1 pound tomatoes, or 1 No. 2 can solid pack tomatoes

Cut the 2 eggplants into quarters, salt them, and let them stand until they start to perspire. Drain water well, and sauté in the oil.

Slice onion and peppers and sauté gaily in the oil.



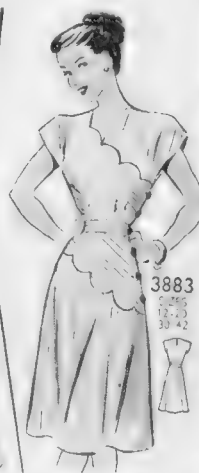
George Mardikian: Culinary Genius, Enthusiastic Host of Omar Khayyam's Restaurant, in San Francisco, and Author of "Dinner at Omar Khayyam's" is Also Food Consultant to the Quartermaster General

Just about the time these are soft, add tomatoes, parsley, salt and pepper, and cook for 2 minutes.

Wash eggplant, make a slit down the center of each segment, and stuff with the cooked vegetable combination. Add 2 cups of water, and bake covered in the oven for 1 hour at 350 deg. F.

This dish may also be sliced and served cold as either an appetizer or as a salad.

Quick and Easy



3884
SIZES
34-52

3883
SIZES
34-42

BUT CONFIDENTIALLY, DON'T GO ANYWHERE WITHOUT THE APERIENT



Don't let "travelers' constipation" spoil your vacation fun. Changes in water, food and daily routine so often threaten regularity. It's always wise to be prepared with the world-famous aperient—refreshing, gently laxative KRUSCHEN.

Kruschen is a free saline laxative, because its balanced formula brings you the same minerals which are also found in the natural waters of many famous medicinal springs.

EASY TO TAKE—Dissolves quickly in water. Makes a refreshing saline drink.

WORKS FAST—Usually within an hour. Does not spoil your day.

GENTLE ACTION—Its formula is balanced to act gently, without discomfort.

TIME-TESTED—Over 300,000,000 packages sold throughout the world.

Get Kruschen today as "fun insurance" for your holiday. At drug stores everywhere. 35¢ to 85¢. NOW IN TWO FORMS: new, sparkling, pleasant-tasting, mildly antacid Effervescent Kruschen; and the original non-effervescent Kruschen.

Simple directions on every package. Caution: use only as directed.



LIQUID METHOD PROVES FASTER TO EASE PAIN OF CORN

Carry "Gets-It" in pocket or purse for emergency relief from corn pain. Wonderful for people who have to be on their feet all day.

GETS-IT LIQUID
CORN REMOVER

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caused by dark, dull skin. Kremola Medicated Cream lightens, brightens the complexion. An excellent mild antiseptic dressing for acne pimples. Softens blackheads for easier removal. Many "teen-agers" now use...

Kremola FOR PROBLEM
COMPLEXIONS

QUICK!

Late for a date... darn that!... quick! the Mufi bottle! Mufi gives you not 1, but 4 tested cleaning ingredients... cleans so many spots from so many fabrics—in a jiffy!

MUFI
SPOT REMOVER



Now you can eat your onions, Sis. And never lose a single kiss. Just show B-Wise, and then "By Gum," Your breath is sweet to everyone!

FOR *Kissable Breath*



REFRESHES THE BREATH
AFTER ONIONS, ALCOHOL,
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East Boston 28, Massachusetts

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READ THIS! When feet are tired and aching, get quick, happy relief the tested Cuticura way! 1. Bathe them with Cuticura Soap. 2. Massage with Cuticura Ointment. 3. Duct Cuticura Talcum between toes and into shoes. For FREE Ointment sample, write Cuticura, Dept. A-180, Malden 48, Mass.

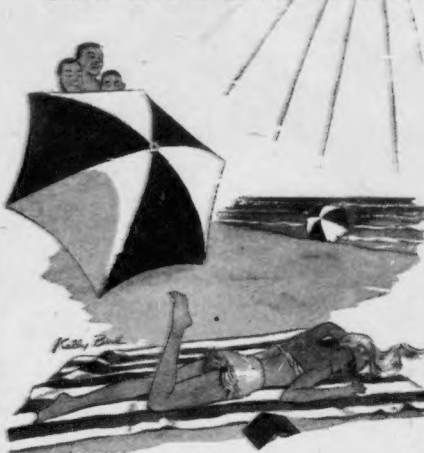
CUTICURA SOAP AND OINTMENT

CUT ME OUT

And mail me with your name and address to Bliss-to-Sol Company, Macon, Ga. We will send free bottle and prove to you that Bliss-to-Sol will relieve Athlete's Foot, Itching of Eczema and Ring Worm; also removes soft corns and calluses. Cut out and mail—no charge.

Name
Address
City State

Beauty on the Beach



By Sally Young

I'LL ADMIT it. I've been eavesdropping. The boys were discussing the current crop of bathing "beauties," rather, some of their glaring faults, and in the interests of womanhood I kept my ears unfurled. Like most eavesdroppers, I came away with a blushing brow and some very straightforward information.

Is This You?

WHAT did the lads say? One of them said all women were silly on the beach. They come loaded down with sun hats, sun oils, umbrellas, sun glasses, blankets, lotions, combs, hairpins and anything else they can get some poor escort to carry for them. They spend their whole day in the good sunshine shying away from the sun. As for going for a swim—not these hothouse flowers!

Hefty legs came in for the most boating. Let them diet or exercise them away before displaying them, was the general opinion.

Next pet peeve was the extreme bathing suits on girls who had no business wearing them. In other words, let the cuddly chicks wear the next-to-nothing versions. The rest of us, with merely passable figures, will look much better clad in a standard one-piece model that's not too short and not too flashy.

Right and Wrong

UNGAINLY beyond words, said one of our male gossipers, are women wearing high heels with a bathing suit. That also goes for high heels with slacks. But this objection is easily remedied.

Strangely enough, none of

the boys minded the look of stringy wet hair after bathing. They thought it looked cute in a refreshing sort of way. Nevertheless, if your hair doesn't curl naturally after such a dunking, it's probably better up in braids. The boys all thought bathing caps were mighty sensible things to wear.

They were outspoken, too, about make-up on the beach...outspoken against it, I should say. A little lipstick of a light, bright shade was permissible, they felt, but none of this caked, heavy make-up on the beach. They want to see a girl look fresh and dewy when she comes out of the briny deep—not with a plaster of Paris face.

Look Healthy

A SUN tan rates tops—but not the peeling, lobster version. Even if the tan isn't dark, as long as the girl looks pink-cheeked and shiny-nosed and healthy, the boys are happy.

Another annoying thing about women on the beach—and you'd never guess this one, because it doesn't show on the surface—is the shouting and calling that travels back and forth over the sands. As one hoarse-voiced gent in the group put it, "I can take almost anything—fuzzy legs, tight bathing suits, sun-burned noses—but deliver me from a screacher."

A word to the wise is sufficient—and now that it's off my mind, I can stop blushing.

Sally Young may be addressed at The American Weekly, Box 19, Grand Central Annex, New York 17, N. Y. Send stamped, self-addressed envelope.

SEND FOR THESE CHARTS

Mark the charts desired; attach to a sheet of paper with your name and address, plus a three-cent stamp for EACH. Address: Women's Service Bureau, The American Weekly, Box 332, Church Street Station, New York 7, N. Y.

BEAUTY

- | | |
|--|---|
| ☐ (1) Skin Care | ☐ (6) For Beautiful Hair |
| ☐ (2) Teen-Age Beauty Guide | ☐ (7) Hand Care |
| ☐ (3) Care of Precious Eyes | ☐ (8) 7-Day Diet |
| ☐ (4) How to Trim Your Figure | ☐ (9) Lose or Gain by Exercise |
| ☐ (5) A Guide to Shapely Legs | ☐ (10) Banish Superfluous Hair |

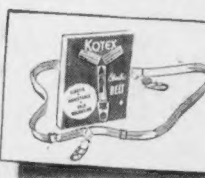
Not a shadow of a doubt—



You're poised, self-assured, because you *know* no tell-tale outlines show when you choose Kotex. The special flat, pressed ends of Kotex prevent revealing

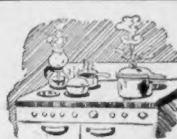
outlines...keep your secret safe. It's the napkin made to stay soft while you wear it! Just two of many important Kotex features, all very personally yours.

more women choose
KOTEX than all other
sanitary napkins



To make the most of the comfort Kotex gives you, ask today for a new Kotex Sanitary Belt. It's narrow... adjustable... all-elastic. Fits snugly... lets you bend without binding.

*U. S. REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.



How To Enjoy Home-Cooked Meals

Men—Don't fire the cook because she's probably your wife. Just tip her off to the wonderful menus that appear on the Household Almanac page in every issue of The American Weekly.

Genuine 2-Ply

NYLON Fishing Line

APPROXIMATELY
1500 Feet \$1.50

WATERPROOF—strong, durable, rubberized. Tested 25 lb. breaking strength. Treated for extra long life. Specially low priced.

Genuine WHITE NYLON CROCHET THREAD
1500 Foot Spool **\$1.50**

Darling white! For crocheting lovely practical things for home or gift. Sample on request. No C. O. D.'s.

R. ALLENDER & CO.
1966 E. FOREST DETROIT 7, MICH.



*For lovely hair
all men adore!*

*The cream shampoo
for true hair loveliness.*



Four ounces, \$1.00—Family 1 lb., \$3.50
Also 30¢ and 55¢ sizes.



How sweetly feminine is the appeal of a woman's lovely hair to men. Hair gleaming with natural highlights—sparkling with silken softness—inviting with clean fragrance. For though your hair style be formal or free as the wind, it's your natural hair-appeal men love. And more and more women are learning that Lustre-Creme Shampoo brings out the fullest natural glory of their hair...quickly (no special rinse) ...easily...inexpensively. Not a soap, not a liquid, Lustre-Creme Shampoo is an amazing new dainty cream that lathers luxuriously in hard or soft water, and sweeps dullness away. Out of her wealth of cosmetic lore, Kay Daumit blended gentle lanolin with special secret ingredients to achieve this almost-magic cream that offers new glamour, wonderful obedience, to your hair! Try Lustre-Creme—The Cream Shampoo for The Hair Men Love. At all cosmetic counters.

Lustre-Creme Shampoo

Kay Daumit, Inc. (Successor), 919 N. Michigan Ave., Chicago, Ill.

See how a fingertipful of Lustre-Creme Shampoo bursts into heaps of fragrant lather. See how tempting it leaves your hair! Not dried—not dulled—not unruly—but silken soft, responsive, sparkling as if you'd given it a hard brushing.



AVOID substitutes. Gum Turpentine is the *real* thing—the original, standard paint thinner preferred by 9 out of 10 painting contractors (men who know paint best). Use Gum Turpentine for every paint job and for cleaning woodwork, furniture, floors, windows, paint brushes, etc. Disinfects. Sold wherever paint is sold and at variety, drug and grocery stores.

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Just put two drops of soothing Murine in each eye. Quick as a wink, your eyes feel rested. Murine cleanses your eyes as gently as a tear. Use it regularly. Send 10¢ for pocket size sample bottle. Address Dept. B-2, The Murine Company, Chicago 11, Ill.

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FOR YOUR EYES

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TRACKED INTO YOUR HOME



Get Quick Relief Today!

Athlete's Foot can infect your whole family. Never wait. At first sign of itching, cracked, raw or peeling skin between toes or on the feet—get Dr. Scholl's Solvex. It acts in 4 effective ways:

1. Quickly relieves intense itching.
2. Kills Athlete's Foot fungi on contact.
3. Aids in prevention of spreading.
4. Helps promote natural healing.

Dr. Scholl's Solvex (Liquid, Ointment or Powder) only 50¢ at Drug, Shoe and Dept. Stores.

Dr. Scholl's SOLVEX

Make the Smart Foot That Is Shown in the Pattern Feature in This Issue.



By Doris Denison

IF you are hard to please, or have very definite ideas about what you want, you will not be disappointed in the new wallpapers. There are enough bright, new, imaginative designs to appeal to all tastes,

sprawling ones. A beautiful pattern for a bedroom is a paisley chintz paper with a "quilted" background made up of tiny raised diamonds. If you like large flowers, there is a paper with roses 22 inches wide. These can be cut out separately and used to carry out the motif in other parts of the room. Magnolias, poppies, and



Types of Papers

THERE are four basic types of wallpaper—floral, architectural, early American or provincial, and scenic.

Floral patterns may be used in any type of room, but are especially charming for informal bedrooms and living rooms.

Architectural styles are those which simulate structural patterns. They include imitations of brick, wood paneling, plaster work, fabrics and tiles. Papers of these patterns are particularly adaptable to hallways, foyers, libraries, dens, dining rooms, and even ceilings.

Among the early American and provincial wallpapers there are many exact copies of papers which covered the walls of our ancestors' homes as well as the modern adaptations of similar themes. All of these provide a suitable background for colonial or provincial furniture, and also can be successfully combined with other periods of furnishings.

Scenic wallpapers may depict small-scale sketches of historical happenings, the familiar hunting scenes, or huge panoramic scenes.

New Papers

THE new floral papers have either very small, dainty designs or large,

strawberries are also popular designs this year.

A top flight textile designer has done a number of outstanding papers. They all have a pleasing textured effect, subtle colorings, and a kind of homespun quality which makes them fit in almost any place.

Many papers can be bought in panels instead of by the roll. Reproductions of fine old paintings, landscapes, and maps have interesting decorative possibilities when hung in this way.

For Children

PAPERS for children's rooms have circus designs, toys, and animals in bright or soft tones.

Jack and Jill and Walt Disney patterns come in a new DDT-treated wallpaper which kills insects that come in contact with the surface. It is odorless and completely harmless to humans and pets.

Doris Denison may be addressed at The American Weekly, P. O. Box 191, Grand Central Annex, New York 17, N. Y. Send stamped, self-addressed envelope.

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HOUSEHOLD

- | | |
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| ☐ (21) Electric Equipment Care | ☐ (26) Streamline Closets |
| ☐ (22) Easy Laundering | ☐ (27) Make Your Own Rugs |
| ☐ (23) Sewing for the Nursery | ☐ (28) Dressing Table Covers |
| ☐ (24) How to Build a Rag Rug | ☐ (29) Dining Room Linoleum |
| ☐ (25) It's Fun to Redecorate | ☐ (30) Sew Right |
| ☐ (31) How to Make Lampshades | |



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HANDY TO CARRY!



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"HANDY-5-PACK"

HANDY TO STORE!
HANDY TO USE!

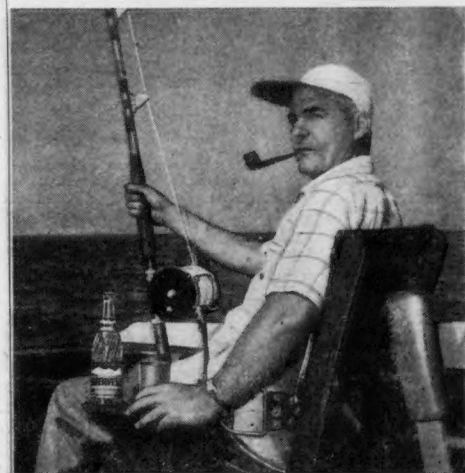


Buy the "BEST LIGHT IN SIGHT" in the BRIGHT YELLOW CARTON!

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He pays \$500 for his Vom Hofe fishing reel ...yet only 5¢ for the best sparkling water!

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Makes drinks taste better—costs less!

YES ... it's bonded for quality by a famous surety company.
YES ... it gives you a dime-size bottle for a nickel!



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THE AMERICAN WEEKLY 35

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CHESTERFIELD *my favorite cigarette*
Bob Hope

see *Bob Hope's*
new picture
"MY FAVORITE BRUNETTE"
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A B C
Always Buy CHESTERFIELD

A ALWAYS Milder
B BETTER TASTING
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*The sum-total of
smoking pleasure*